The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1934 NUMBER 1030

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The Week

SECRETARY Wallace as a politician suffers from the disadvantage that he seldom makes a speech without saying something. He talks about whatever is on his mind, whether or not it is discreet. One day last week he blundered into a hornets' nest by declaring the undeniable truth that shipping subsidies are bad economic policy. We could get our carrying done more cheaply by foreign vessels, and if foreigners earned the money paid for freights they would have more with which to buy our crops. What a shock to the traditional American principle that native business men have a right to profits even if they have to feed at the government trough to get them! A day or two later in an extemporaneous speech he suggested that we ought to introduce something like real democracy into industry by having a National Economic Council, representative of agriculture and labor as well as other interests, to coördinate activities like the A.A.A. and the N.R.A. He also said that he hoped the N.R.A. would pay more attention to the rights of workers and consumers. Regardless of the practicability of the suggestion, here were two flamingly indiscreet admissions. Industry is still autocratically governed by representatives of the profit seekers, in spite of all the protestations of the New Deal. And the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. are working at cross purposes—the one by encouraging increase in industrial prices while the other is striving to close the gap between the prices of crops and those of manufactured articles. Of course Mr. Wallace is so moderate in his temperament that he is not likely to force any of these deep contradictions to an issue. He is far from radical. But merely because he is inconveniently honest, he is likely to be made the target of all those who are trying to prevent social changes by calling names.

THERE is contagion in courage as in fear. Karl Liebknecht braved the terror of Germany's war camarilla and the disapproval of his party at the end of the first war year and stood alone. When the next ballot on war credits was taken in the Reichstag, Otto Rühle had joined him. There were several "no's" in the following session, and with each ballot the number of dissenters grew. The heroic example of a single man had started the revolution in 1918. In November, 1933, two million German men and women faced the Nazi terror with a "no" at the ballot box. Nine months later the dissenters had doubled their number. Neither Goebbels with his propaganda nor Göring with his threats had been able to offset the brave example of those first two million. Opposition will continue to grow in arithmetical progression from election to election—assuming that Hitler will ever again invite such a demonstration of popular disapproval. The Leader-Chancellor's ominous intention "to win every remaining citizen for the National Socialist ideals and doctrines" will be overrun by the rising tide. The five million who stood by their guns last Sunday were not voting on the question of presidential succession. The majority of the four million "no's" registered by the German electorate was polled in the large cities and industrial centers. Hamburg, Cologne, Berlin, Saxony and the industrial districts of Rhenish Westphalia, strongholds in the past of the Socialist and Communist movements, were first in line. But opposition came with almost equal force from the strongly Catholic regions of Trier, Aix, Upper Silesia, Bavaria and the Palatinate. The

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Church took this opportunity to register its protest against a "Christianity" that was alien to it, giving the lie to persistent reports from Berlin of an impending revision of the concordat acceptable to both sides. Had Rome desired an understanding it would not have encouraged this open demonstration of revolt against constituted authority. For after all is said and done, Hitler still has the support of the vast mass of the German people.

ONE aspect of the German situation was brought into sharp relief by Hitler's first statements after the vote became known: that the Chancellor is wholly at one with the Reichswehr leaders. Thanking the Reichswehr for its support, he promised "that the make-up of the army would suffer no changes." The S.A. has been permanently returned to its original status of a party instrument. Von Papen's speech in the audience chamber of the Austrian President expressed the same capitulation before higher political necessities on the part of the Führer: Germany has definitely abandoned its *anschluss* plans. This will not be Hitler's last retreat on the field of international politics. For the next few months the Saar campaign and above all a truly disastrous economic situation at home will discourage whatever adventures in foreign affairs he might otherwise have contemplated. Schacht, the new Minister of Economics, has been equipped with authority more far reaching than that wielded by Rathenau as food dictator during the World War. All Germany is hoarding foodstuffs because the people have no confidence in the ability of the government to provide food for the nation. The large industries are clamoring for new wage reductions and are finding the authorities more than ever ready to restore the position of German industry in the world market at the expense of labor. But the masses have learned to speak since Hitler destroyed their trade unions eighteen months ago, and their voice will be heard if suffering becomes too great to be borne. The spirit of those five million who registered their brave protest last Sunday hangs like a menacing specter over Germany's coming winter.

THE doubt raised concerning the authenticity of von Hindenburg's "will," which gives the German nation, body and soul, to Hitler, will probably not be taken seriously in Germany, especially since the source of the doubt is the Paris newspaper Le Soir. Nevertheless outsiders can scarcely avoid entertaining such a doubt, under the circumstances. The forging of wills or the exercise of chicanery upon aged and helpless testators is not unknown, either in literature or in law. We have in this case the fact that the testament was of enormous value to Hitler at a critical moment, that von Hindenburg in his last days was held virtually incommunicado, and that the Nazi leaders never scruple when it comes to the exercise of any sort of deceit or force that may aid their cause. Imagine what would have happened if von Hindenburg had by chance left a will of a different political tenor, or none at all. Would Hitler have been frank about it? When an obscure citizen leaves a few hundred dollars, his will is not accepted until it has been carefully examined by a court. Should not a will leaving 60,000,000 people be submitted to a judge of probate who is above suspicion?

IN THE threatened strike of textile workers, which may involve as many as 700,000, President Roosevelt faces the most serious labor dispute of his administration. The pressure for militant action has mounted rapidly during the past few months and will undoubtedly be difficult to block. The textile workers, especially in the South, are thoroughly disillusioned with the N.R.A. and its labor policy. They report widespread code violations (weekly wages of $7 instead of $12), refusal of employers to bargain collectively, and increasing abuse of the "stretch out" system. The labor-relations boards set up under the codes are unable or unwilling to adjust grievances in any way satisfactory to the workers. Accordingly the decision to strike, voted by the union delegates at the annual convention of the United Textile Workers in New York City last week, may be interpreted not only as a move of desperation to obtain compliance with N.R.A. provisions, but also as a vote of non-confidence in the administration. When the U.T.W. threatened a general strike last May, General Johnson obtained a postponement by promising a "survey." This was to determine the practicability of the union's demands: a reduction in the work week from 40 to 30 hours, a general increase in wages (by maintaining the existing minima of $12 and $13), and strict control of the "stretch out"—through which workers are forced to tend an increasing number of looms. These are the present demands of the U.T.W. also. The N.R.A.'s survey was a bitter blow. It declared that there was no "factual or statistical basis for any general increase in wages," and even went so far as to suggest that hours should be lengthened rather than shortened. Today, of course, conditions in the industry are worse. Inventories have piled up, production has declined, and employment and payrolls have dropped some 20 percent from the active months of last spring.

THE day after the Tokio Foreign Office had broken off negotiations with the Soviet ambassador for the purchase of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, several Russian employees of the road were arrested by the Manchukuo government. They were charged with collusion with bandits in several recent attacks on military trains, and in particular, with a plot to attack a special Japanese military mission to Pogranichnaya, near Vladivostok. (It may be recalled that the Russians had repeatedly charged that bandit attacks on the railroad were permitted in order to reduce its value.) The Soviet consul protested against the arrests, but the prisoners were taken to Harbin for trial. An Associated Press

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dispatch from Moscow, dated August 15, reported that these arrests gave rise to rumors that Japanese militarists were preparing to declare martial law and seize the railroad. Two days later an Associated Press dispatch from Tokio reported that the Japanese army's propaganda bureau had issued a statement that the army had "decided to adopt a stronger attitude in the event of future Soviet provocations on the Russo-Manchukuoan frontier." Is this a threat to seize the railway or to invade Siberia? It may be a genuine threat to seize the railway or even to pursue further aggression. Our guess is, however, that it is merely part of the long-drawn-out process of bluffing and bargaining about the price. It is certain that the Soviet Union would not go to war merely for her property right in the road, and on the other hand Japan does not consider it of great intrinsic value—she wants only to keep it out of Russian hands.

A PRIMARY election which will be watched by the whole country is that in Colorado on September 11. The winner of the Democratic nomination for Governor in that primary admittedly has a good chance to be elected in November; and among the candidates is Miss Josephine Roche, head of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. Miss Roche has long had a nationwide reputation as a progressive: she is well known for her opposition to child labor, for her work in Judge Lindsey's juvenile court and as a fighter on many fronts in the interest of the common man. When she obtained control of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, she invited the United Mine Workers to organize her miners, and coöperated with them in setting high standards as to wages, hours and living conditions. Her properties have continued to do a large volume of business even when most coal companies were down and out because of the depression. In the recent Democratic Assembly she was ahead of all other candidates except Governor Johnson, and despite the bitter opposition of Colorado's Tories, led by The Denver Post, she ran ahead of the Governor by seven to one in Denver County itself. If elected, Miss Roche will be the first American woman ever to become a Governor in her own right and on her merits, and she can be counted on to bring Colorado into the forefront of those American states where governmental machinery is used to preserve the rights of the workers and not to crush them.

NOTHING in the newspapers for a long time has been more touching than the stories about Donald Campbell, the thirty-year-old truck driver of Gilead, Ohio, who has talked incessantly for several weeks, day and night, because of an attack of encephalitis. Campbell's disease, which the doctors expected would prove fatal, not only caused him to talk without cessation, but removed all the normal inhibitions of civilized society, so that he said whatever came into his head. And what did he talk about?—chiefly, the great fundamental fear that haunts nearly all of us in this wretched makeshift society of ours. He told how he was worried about losing his job; how anxious he was over the future of his family if he should not get well. Millions of Americans must have read the newspaper reports of his malady with thrills of recognition running up and down their spines. Who of us can be free and happy in this modern world? Some of the insane, in institutions, are happy if their malady happens to take that form, but they are not free. Even persons of great wealth, nowadays, are obsessed with the fear of losing it, through the consequences of war or revolution. Travelers in Russia report that there are many happy workers there, secure in the protection the state affords them, rejoicing in their work for a new world; but even in Russia, many unhappy people undoubtedly exist, and for all there is always the threat of war. Donald Campbell in his innocent babblings reveals the malady of modern times.

That Natural Recovery

A FAVORITE argument of conservatives has been that a worldwide "natural" recovery has long been under way—in fact, that it started before Mr. Roosevelt took office—and that we should do better to float up on its tide than to attempt, by "artificial" governmental interference, to do things that may only retard instead of stimulating our progress. Now a report by the Foreign Policy Association states that "little doubt can remain regarding the existence of a world economic upswing of significant proportions." What is the nature of this recovery and how solid is it?

In the first place, one may note that ever since May and June, Britain, the United States and certain other nations have begun a downward slide again, more marked than would be expected on the basis of merely seasonal influences, and there is considerable doubt whether the limited recovery that we have enjoyed is not in a serious relapse. Most of the statistics are not fresh enough for this latest phase to be taken into consideration in the economists' studies. But, for the sake of argument, let us ignore what has happened recently and inquire into the causes of what went before.

Many who talk about "natural" recovery and "natural" operation of economic laws use the words in a vague, mystic belief that what happens to our material welfare is and must remain entirely beyond reasonable explanation or human influence. It is as if there were a god especially appointed to work out our economic destiny for us, and as if all we could do without impiety were to worship at his shrine. But reputable economists, even the most conservative, do not completely discard the reason. They mean something fairly specific by "natural" recovery. There is a well knit body of theory, according to which recovery may come without conscious public intervention. This theory is elaborated in many

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details and varieties, but its main tenor is easy to grasp. A depression is a situation in which various important factors are out of balance. Some prices are too high in relation to others. Some costs are too high in relation to prices. Some debts are too large to be paid. Some stocks of goods are too numerous in relation to other stocks; exchange is therefore hampered. The cure for this situation is brought about by the pressure of competition in a shrunken market. High prices are forced down, high wages and capital costs are deflated. Unpayable debts are defaulted. Surplus stocks are distributed at low prices, while production is slack. Eventually a new balance among costs and prices is achieved at which it becomes profitable to buy and sell more freely. Shortages arise in various markets, stimulating production. A new advance begins, spreads, and gathers momentum. It is obvious that any interruption of competitive pressures may interfere with the attainment of such a balance. Prices or debts or wages artificially maintained in any part of the economic structure may hinder rather than promote it.

Now, is it true that a natural recovery of this general type—the only sort of natural recovery that the reason can sanction—has been operating in other countries, while in the United States alone artificial measures have been applied? The chief foreign nations in which improved conditions are found by the Foreign Policy survey, for instance, are Great Britain, France, Japan, Germany and Australia. What, in the briefest possible summary —a necessarily inadequate one—has happened in each of them?

Great Britain was in a relative depression even while the United States was "prosperous." She suffered a competitive disadvantage in international trade because after the War she went back to the gold standard at pre-war parity, while France, Italy and other nations devalued their currency. She also suffered by the growth of protective duties elsewhere. As one consequence, she escaped most of the inflationary boom and built up less capital indebtedness. Not having so far to fall when the worldwide depression of 1929 hit us, her crisis was less severe. All this time, she artificially maintained the purchasing power of labor by unemployment insurance, supplemented by governmental contributions out of taxes. Powerful unions and minimum-wage laws checked deflation of wage rates. All this helped to sustain markets for domestic industries. In particular, it assured the payment of rents, and prevented most of the real-estate deflation which paralyzed our banks and our construction industry. There has recently been a minor construction boom in low-cost housing in England, new capital being channeled to real estate instead of to industrial shares after they had fallen. In addition, Britain has poured millions of pounds into government-subsidized public housing. She improved her position in international trade when she was forced off the gold standard and began to manage her currency —a thoroughly "artificial" policy. Britain by virtue of these forces has weathered the crisis temporarily, but has never risen above the relatively low level she was suffering even before the current depression. Certainly she is not an example of natural recovery.

France was one of the last nations to suffer from the depression, partly because she had already deflated her internal debt through inflation of the currency and had gained a competitive advantage in international trade by subsequent devaluation of the franc. Since England and the United States left the gold standard, however, her basic condition has deteriorated. In recent months her unemployment has been rising.

Japan's situation is at the furthest pole from natural recovery. Her war industries have been stimulated by the government purchases accompanying her military adventures in Manchukuo and China, and her preparations for more of the same sort. The extreme depreciation of the yen has given Japan a competitive advantage in world trade, which is now felt with special severity in Lancashire, and is checking England's advance. Competitive currency depreciation may benefit some nations for a short period at the expense of others, but it offers no stable basis for world recovery. Rather it interferes with recovery by encouraging trade restrictions, as the Foreign Policy Association bulletin is careful to point out.

What recovery Germany has experienced is dependent almost entirely on the stimulation of war industries, and the spending of large amounts of public funds in work relief and other types of subsidy. One question is how long the government can continue to find funds for these artificial measures without resorting to open inflation. Public credit was exhausted several years ago. The extraordinary expenditures have been made possible by paper carrying a lien against future taxes. Germany's foreign trade is rapidly disappearing and is rigidly controlled; she is likely to be unable to import even the materials necessary for her public works. Her situation is not natural nor is it true recovery.

Australia is dependent almost entirely on exports —and on agricultural exports—for her means of life. She is a debtor nation. When depression hit her, she could not pay these debts; her exports diminished to some extent in quantity and tremendously in value. She did not allow natural forces to beat long against an artificial barrier of fixed debts and costs, but took deliberate action to reduce this barrier. A commission of economists recommended a plan, and the governments, national and state, carried it out. All public debts were reduced at the same time; most private fixed indebtedness followed suit. Wages and salaries were cut. It was relatively easy to obtain popular support for this consciously deflationary program in Australia, because the larger part of the burden fell on foreign creditors. In this country such measures would probably be prevented by the courts on constitutional grounds. Note, however, that even in Australia the "natural" course of deflation had to

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be achieved by artificial measures. And even Australia is by no means out of the woods.

Much of what the United States has done can be paralleled by measures taken abroad. In no country have "natural" economic forces been allowed to rule. They cannot govern, in any modern capitalist economy, for the simple reason that private financial and industrial units are now too large and powerful; competition operates with great inequality and the strong give way only reluctantly and with extreme slowness. The economically weak cannot wait for the strong to surrender. The necessary capital deflation is too catastrophic when, and if, it comes. There is no natural recovery anywhere. It is still an open question whether capitalism can make a genuine recovery this time, even with all the skill and force it can muster. (Or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, in spite of what it does.)

Hitlerism by the Golden Gate

SOME DOCUMENTS have reached The New Republic that seem of unusual interest and importance. Our readers will remember that durthe general strike in San Francisco a number of raids were made on the headquarters of radical organizations in that city. Property was destroyed and individuals found there were beaten up. Usually the police arrived, in uniform, shortly afterward and arrested such radicals as they could find. The official theory was that these raids had been carried out by conservative trade unionists and other private citizens opposed to radical doctrines and eager to prove it by smashing property and injuring individuals. The police were then summoned, arrived too late to stop the rioters and arrested the radicals as an afterthought. So the story ran.

The documents that have come into our possession show, if they are genuine, that reports went regularly from the police to the Industrial Association, the chief organization of employers, and that they referred to the activities as "police raids on radical meeting places." For instance, "strike violence memo number 301," addressed to Managing Director (Albert) Boynton (of the Industrial Association) gives a list of ninety-four names and addresses of individuals arrested (by Lieutenant Malloy and posse) "in connection with police raids on radical meeting places today." Report number 306, identical in form, gives seventy-eight names of persons arrested in "raid at 765 Howard Street by Captain Hoertkorn and posse."

These documents, of course, may be forgeries, but we see no reason to believe that they are. In The New Republic of August 1 appeared an article by Evelyn Seeley giving personal evidence supporting the view that the police were active participants in the raids. We know from other sources that the city government of San Francisco coöperated wholeheartedly with the cabal of newspaper publishers in smashing the general strike by every possible means (see "The Press as Strikebreaker," The New Republic, August 8). We know that when General Johnson suggested ending the longshoremen's strike on terms that would have meant acceptance of collective bargaining, he was told by the publishers' spokesman that "his tactics had been such that the people of California might have to decide to get along without him. In fact, had decided to get along without him and inasmuch as he had no credentials authorizing him to act for the President in this matter they might even have to ask him to leave San Francisco." (Editor and Publisher, July 28.) General Johnson subsequently, in his Berkeley speech, played the game of the employers and publishers.

It must now be apparent to every reasonable and intelligent person that what we have seen in California is the first serious outcropping of pure fascist spirit in the United States. The issue of radicalism was dragged into the dispute as part of a campaign to set public opinion against the strikers —a campaign whose ramifications we have already reported in some detail. The simple purpose behind all this is to destroy trade unionism root and branch in order to keep labor subjugated for the sake of larger profits. This is the essence of fascism as it exists in Germany and Italy.

The reason such a campaign begins with radical unions and radical individuals is that they are the most vulnerable. It is not hard to frighten the public with a Red bogey, especially in the fifth year of the worst depression in our history. Let there be no mistake about it, however: the conservative unions will come next, once the radicals are successfully crushed. If they are not, they will gain their immunity only by knuckling under to the employers, by yielding all the hard-fought gains of many years as to wages, hours, and other conditions of work.

If this campaign were local to San Francisco only, a hasty improvisation growing out of the general strike, it would be serious enough. But the fact is that the attitude of the Industrial Association is widespread in the United States today. It is important to note that the federal government is seriously implicated in the San Francisco situation in at least three ways. First of all, General Johnson, browbeaten by the publishers, lent his support to the Red-baiters by his Berkeley speech. Second, the immigration service of the U. S. Department of Labor was used to institute deportation proceedings against strike leaders in every possible case and Secretary Perkins' famous telegram was widely quoted, whether justly or not, as showing that the federal authorities were coöperating with the Industrial Association. Third, the federally appointed mediation board, so far as the record indicates, did absolutely nothing to help end the reign of terror which was nullifying their efforts to obtain a decent settlement and one in accord with the terms of the National Industrial Recovery Act. So far as anyone knows, they remained silent at a time when not to speak was in itself a highly significant action.

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We say "so far as anyone knows" because unfortunately, the San Francisco newspapers dropped their journalistic functions during the strike and joined almost unanimously in a propaganda campaign which disregarded truth in the effort to create public opinion favorable to the employers. We have received several letters from San Francisco readers protesting that our reports of conditions there during and after the strike were too strong. We are reminded by these letters of similar correspondence received from Germany during the past eighteen months protesting against descriptions of the Hitler terror. "Your reports are exaggerated," these German correspondents wrote. "Everything is quiet where I live and I have seen no mistreatment of Jews or anyone else." Our reports were true, as is now generally admitted. It is quite possible for a terror to go on without being perceived by the ordinary citizen as he goes about his daily affairs. The information The New Republic printed about conditions in San Francisco was obtained out on the firing line. The correspondents who are indignant with us for printing this material evidently sat at home reading the San Francisco newspapers which were engaged in a campaign of falsification.

It is plain from the evidence now available that the acts of police and private citizens in San Francisco were not only unjust and improper, but illegal as well. In these circumstances we believe that an obvious obligation rests upon the President, or if he does not so act, upon Congress, to conduct a full and free investigation of what happened in San Francisco and let the country know to what extent citizens of the West Coast have departed from sound American principles. It may be that the people of the United States really want fascism; and it may be that they will get it whether they want it or not. Let us at least, however, face its approach with our eyes open. Let us not be deceived by the fact that it is dressed up in fine phrases about "old-fashioned Americanism." Hitler and Mussolini used equally fine phrases of similar intent—until they got into power.

Youth Divides

OUT OF the First American Youth Congress —which caused such a flurry in the New York newspapers when it split on the opening day of its sessions—progressive and conservative wings emerged. On the one hand a group similar to the embryo fascist movements in other nations came into the open with hardly an apology or a disguising label; and on the other, every powerful youth organization in the country, ranging from the conservative National Student Federation and the Y.M.C.A. to the Young Communist League, formed a majority bloc and passed unanimously a long series of progressive demands.

The Congress, whose two hundred delegates representing 121 organizations met at New York University August 15-17, was organized by Miss Viola Ilma's "Central Bureau for Young America." Miss Ilma, a tall, blonde, enthusiastic young lady, reputed to be the daughter of Prince Ali Youseff Ilma of Abyssinia, financed the undertaking with the assistance of Anne Morgan and the "moral support" of Mrs. Roosevelt. Her original objective, so she stated, was to build an idealistic youth movement pledged to support the President ("Roosevelt is America's first leader to be a young man's President"), to take young people off the relief rolls by putting them to work voluntarily in self-sustaining communities and to extend the principle of "homestead grants of farmland and the establishment of small communities in centers of national industrial projects."

The Congress was beautifully organized to accomplish these ends. Miss Ilma herself was to be chairman. No one could speak from the floor without the chairman's permission. All resolutions were to be adopted and decisions made by an "executive board" consisting of one delegate from each organization invited by Miss Ilma, twenty delegates representing "unaffiliated" youth (most of these handpicked, of course) and five delegates from the "Central Bureau." To cinch still further the saddle on which she rode, Miss Ilma appointed a "board of governors" whose decisions on matters of procedure should be "final and binding." All results, naturally, were to be issued to the American people as the first official pronouncement of American Youth.

But Miss Ilma and her "Central Bureau" failed to take one little matter into consideration in their calculations. The delegates representing youth organizations were not all dummies. Two weeks before the congress met, twelve important organizations, including the National Student Federation, the League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student League, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., New America and the Young Communist League, came together and sent a letter protesting the autocratic organization of the congress, demanding a democratic set-up and a representation from organized labor as well as from innumerable "Young Republican" and "Young Democratic" clubs. The letter was never answered.

When the first plenary session demanded that a chairman be elected from the floor, Miss Ilma summarily adjourned the meeting, only to be confronted with the same question at the meeting of the executive board that evening. When Alfred Bingham, one of the guest speakers, protested the undemocratic nature of the Congress, most of the unaffiliated delegates deserted the Ilma camp, and the officials from N. Y. U. announced that henceforth their position would be neutral. A young Negro arose to speak. One Dudley Swim, representing the "Young Republicans," shouted "Black Boy, watch your step!" The groups split, not to meet again, about 160 representing 79 organizations in the democratic bloc, and 40 in the Ilma opposition.

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The minority group—after listening with approval while the F.E.R.A. Administrator of Transient Camps admitted that the government was replacing $4-a-day labor with transient boys working for 90 cents a week and board—voted down a resolution condemning the exploitation of child labor and came out in favor of divorce by mutual consent, wide sex knowledge and a strong national defense. Miss Ilma raised the usual objections to real democracy by telling reporters that the "opposion" were "communists and anarchists."

The majority group, under the chairmanship of Waldo McNutt of the Rocky Mountain Regional Y.M.C.A., unanimously passed a series of resolutions demanding enactment of the Lundeen Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill, higher wages and shorter hours in industry, with abolition of the "speed up." It opposed compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, subsistence homesteads, fascism and war. Both camps stated their positions over national radio hook-ups, and both elected continuation committees to carry out their programs and extend their organizations. Sharp alignments of right and left, as well as united fronts on as broad a basis as here established, are rare.

The Changing of the Guard

DURING the past two months units of the National Guard in six states have been mobilized for purposes that could hardly have been foreseen by the Congress that federalized the militia under the National Defense Act of 1916. In San Francisco, Toledo, and Kohler, Wisconsin, the effect of mobilization, and probably its objective, was to suppress strikes, though the ostensible reason set forth was the usual one of "an emergency." At Minneapolis the result was mutually inacceptable to employers and unions.

The impetus of the use of troops in these cases has been coercive rather than conciliatory. Major social objectives did not govern the activities of the military force. The troops were not used for the same ends in the various states. Instead, expediency determined the establishment of "law and order"—the same expediency that has consistently characterized action by the Roosevelt administration in disputes over Section 7a of the N.I.R.A. Emphasis is placed always on *settlement,* even if this settlement clearly can be no more than temporarily effective, as at the end of the first Minneapolis strike.

But the most flagrant illustration of the subtle change that has overtaken the National Guard in some states occurred in North Dakota and in Louisiana. No one can manufacture a legitimate excuse for the martial law declared in Bismarck and New Orleans. Here the troops acted as the private armies of ex-Governor Langer and Huey Long. Langer sought to retain the political office denied him by court order; Long, with his henchman, O. K. Allen, seized control of the New Orleans election machinery.

The National Defense Act established the National Guard as jointly state and federal, with final authority over it vested in the War Department and the President. Congress appropriates federal money for its supplies and payment of its personnel. With its voluntary enlistment provision, its supposed freedom from hysterical nationalistic spirit and the good record its divisions established in the A.E.F., the Guard, if properly used, might attain a valuable place as military organizations go.

Now, however, its morale, reputation and efficiency must necessarily begin to suffer. As the foreword to a War Department manual of riot duty puts it, "Riot duty is one of the most distasteful duties which soldiers are called upon to perform." When the public need for such operations is as nonexistent as in North Dakota and Louisiana, it is no wonder that many guardsmen resent being called away from families and jobs, and that their employers frown upon their enlistment. Any further indiscriminate mobilizations of the Guard will deepen these feelings and destroy such usefulness as it has.

Confronted by these abuses, the national government should act. Enforcement of the collective-bargaining clause would, of course, avoid the labor difficulties that give dubious pretexts for employing the National Guard. Both problems would be attacked at their sources before growing to ugly and dangerous maturity. The next Congress, at the time appropriations are voted for the War Department, will have an opportunity to redefine exactly the conditions under which the National Guard may be utilized by a Governor. Furthermore, to remedy such implicitly unjustified use of militia as has developed under Long and Langer, the President is empowered under the present law to terminate at any time the federal recognition and financial aid extended to a state unit of the Guard. He needs only to show that its conduct is contrary to the National Defense Act; even Huey Long might find difficulty in controverting the present evidence of that fact.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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To the Finland Station: I

1. Michelet Discovers Vico

This is the first instalment of the first of three sections of a long essay on the development of the scientific study of history. The first section centers about the French historian Michelet; the second section will center about Marx and Engels; and the third about Lenin and Trotsky.—THE EDITORS.

ONE DAY in the January of 1824, a young French professor named Jules Michelet, who was teaching philosophy and history, found the name of Giovanni Vico in a translator's note to a book he was reading. The reference to Vico interested him so much that he immediately set himself to learn Italian.

Though Vico had lived and written a hundred years before, he had never been translated into French and was in fact little known outside Italy. He had been a poor scholar, born at Naples, the backward tail-end of Italy, at the time when the Italian Renaissance, obstructed by the Inquisition, had run pretty completely into the sands. Vico, by reason of his humble origin and his reputation of being a crank, had missed his academic career; but, finding his path of advancement blocked and driven back upon his own resources, he pushed further his unpopular ideas. He composed, and published in 1725, a work called "Principles of a New Science Dealing with the Nature of Nations, Through Which Are Shown Also New Principles of the Natural Law of Peoples." Vico had read Francis Bacon, and had decided that it ought to be possible to apply to the study of human history methods similar to those proposed by Bacon for the study of the natural world. Later he had read Grotius, who had advocated an historical study of philosophy and theology in terms of the languages and actions of men, with a view to constructing a system of law which should embrace all the different moral systems and thus be universally acceptable.

The young Michelet had also been groping for the principles of a new science of history. Among his projects had been a history of "the race considered as an individual," a series of "philosophical studies of the poets" and a work on "the character of peoples as revealed by their vocabularies." He had desired, he wrote, to "mingle history with philosophy" because they "completed each other." By July, he had gotten to Vico, and he read the first volume through without stopping. From the collision of Michelet's mind with Vico's, it is hardly too much to say that a whole new philosophical-artistic world was born: the world of recreated social history. Of this moment in Michelet's life he was afterwards to note: "1824. Vico. Effort, infernal shades, grandeur, the Golden Bough." "From 1824 on," he wrote, "I was seized by a frenzy caught from Vico, an incredible intoxication with his great historical principle."

And even reading Vico today, we can feel some of Michelet's excitement. It is strange and stirring to find in the "Scienza Nuova" the modern sociological and anthropological mind waking amid the dusts of a provincial school of jurisprudence of the end of the seventeenth century and speaking through the antiquated machinery of a half-scholastic treatise. Here, before the steady rays of Vico's insight —almost as if we were looking out on the landscape of the Mediterranean itself—we see the fogs that obscure the horizons of the remote reaches of time recede, the cloud-shapes of legend lift. In the shadows there are fewer monsters; the heroes and the gods float away. What we see now are men as we know them alone on the earth we know. The myths which have made us wonder are projections of a human imagination like our own and, if we look for the key inside ourselves and learn how to read them correctly, they will supply us with a record, inaccessible up to now, of the adventures of men like ourselves.

And a record of something more than mere adventures. Human history had hitherto always been written as a series of biographies of great men or as a chronicle of remarkable happenings or as a pageant directed by God. But now we can see that the developments of societies have been affected by their sources, their environments; and that like individual human beings they have passed through regular phases of growth. "The facts of known history," Vico writes, are to be "referred to their primitive origins, divorced from which they have seemed hitherto to possess neither a common basis, nor continuity nor coherence." And: "It is of the nature of things that they come into being in certain circumstances and in certain ways. Wherever the same circumstances are present, the same phenomena arise and no others." And: "In that dark night which shrouds from our eyes the most remote antiquity, a light appears which cannot lead us astray; I speak of this incontestable truth: *the social world is certainly the work of men;* and it follows that one can and should find its principles in the modifications of the human intelligence itself." And: "Governments must be conformable to the nature of the governed; governments are even a result of that nature."

All of these ideas which Michelet found in Vico were, though Vico had been their first exponent, not of course new to Michelet. The Enlightenment

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of the eighteenth century had occurred between Vico's time and his. Voltaire, before Michelet was born, had already cleared the gods and the heroes away; Montesquieu had shown how human institutions were related to racial habit and climate. And Michelet, furthermore, was soon afterwards to find in Herder an evolutionary theory of culture and in Hegel an exposition of the chemistry of social change. How was it then that the "Scienza Nuova" could come to a man of 1820 as an intoxicating revelation? Because Vico, by force of an imaginative genius of remarkable power and scope, had enabled him to grasp fully for the first time the *organic* character of human society and the importance of reintegrating through history the various forces and factors which actually compose human life. "I had no other master but Vico," he wrote. "His principle of living force, of humanity creating itself, made both my book and my teaching." Vico had described his achievement as an explanation of "the formation of human law" and an indication of "the specific phases and the regular process by which the customs which gave rise to law originally came into being: religions, languages, dominations, commerce, orders, empires, laws, arms, judgments, punishments, wars, peace, alliances." Of all these social elements, he has shown, he says, "in terms of these phases and this process of growth, the eternal propriety by virtue of which the phase and the process must be thus and not otherwise." In August, we find Michelet preaching as follows on the occasion of the awarding of school prizes: "Woe be to him who tries to isolate one department of knowledge from the rest. . . . All science is one: language, literature and history, physics, mathematics and philosophy; subjects which seem the most remote from one another are in reality connected, or rather they all form a single system." And he was to begin in a few years his great application of the general principles of Vico to the actual presentation of history.

2. Michelet and the Middle Ages

THERE had become dominant with the eighteenth century Enlightenment and the French Revolution an idea which is not to be found in Vico, though it already existed in germ in his master Bacon: the idea of human progress, of the capacity of mankind for self-improvement. Vico, for all his originality, had never thoroughly emancipated himself from the theological point of view, which put the goal of improvement in Heaven, making salvation an individual matter dependent on the grace of God. He had been able to see that human societies pass through successive phases of development, but he seems to have imagined history as a series of repetitive cycles.

But Michelet, born in 1798, had the tradition of the Revolution. He had grown up under Napoleon and the Bourbon Restoration, and in his 'teens he had had himself baptized a Catholic; he had accepted the post of tutor to the young Princess de Parme at the Tuileries. But he had been poor: his family on both sides had belonged to the cultivated small bourgeoisie—one of his grandfathers had been organist in the Cathedral at Laon—and his father, a printer, had been ruined by Napoleon's suppression of the press. Two years before Jules was born, the printing shop had been raided for Jacobin literature: an incriminating manifesto, which would have cost Furcy Michelet his head, was lying in plain sight on the table and the inspector never thought to examine it; but Mme. Michelet, who was pregnant at the time, always believed that the still-birth of her baby had been due to the shock of the raid. When Jules Michelet was ten, his father was arrested for debt, and he went along with his mother while she accompanied her husband to jail. Later, Napoleon's police put the seals on the Michelets' press; and the incident caused Jules such anguish that he afterwards made a stipulation in his will that his wife should not be obliged to seal his coffin. The principles of the Revolution were never far below the surface in Michelet, even in those years of his early manhood when they appeared somewhat varnished over by what had come to be the conventional bourgeois opinions.

In the July of 1830, the reaction against Charles X resulted in an uprising of workers and students which held Paris for three days and drove the white flag back into exile. Michelet, still full of Vico, became possessed by a vision of his own, in which the reawakening idealism of the tradition of the great Revolution gave purpose to Vico's cycles. In a burst of emotion, he wrote at top speed an "Introduction to Universal History." It had been dashed off, he said, "on the burning pavements of Paris"; and it opened with the following declaration: "With the world began a war which will end only with the world: the war of man against nature, of spirit against matter, of liberty against fatality. History is nothing other than the record of this interminable struggle." Christianity has given the world the moral gospel; now France must preach the social gospel. "The solutions to social and intellectual problems are always ineffective in Europe until they have been interpreted, translated, popularized, by France."

But the victory of the workers was premature; the provinces did not support Paris; and the liberal bourgeoisie, instead of restoring the republic, sold out to the Orleanist party, who set up the constitutional monarch, Louis-Philippe. Michelet went back to the Tuileries, where he now had a new princess to tutor, Louis-Philippe's daughter. But he got also an appointment more important to him: he was made Conservateur des Archives, head of the Record Office. And with the charters, the statutes and the official correspondence of ancient France at his disposal, he embarked on his "History of the Middle Ages."

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When Michelet went into the Records, with Vico and the echoes of July in his head, a new past, for the first time the real past of France, seemed to revive for the imagination. The first volume or two of Michelet's history, dealing with the early races of Gaul, a period where documents are few and as to which, even in the light of later scholarship, we remain considerably in the dark, were not particularly successful as "resurrection" of the past, the phrase Michelet applied to his method. It is only with the chapter called "Map of France" and devoted to the description of the country, that the charactertistic Michelet appears. But as we get on into the ages where the materials were more plentiful, the miracle begins to take place.

Michelet's letters during this period supply a remarkable picture of his conception of his historian's task and the passion with which he attacked it.

> I believe I have found [he writes], through concentration and reverberation, a flame sufficiently intense to melt down all the apparent diversities, to restore to them in history the unity they had in life. . . . I have not been able to interpret the least social fact without calling all the departments of human activity to my aid, and coming more and more to realize that our classifications do not hold. . . . To undertake to combine so many elements alien to one another is to harbor within oneself a great disturbing force. To reproduce so many passions is not to calm one's own. A lamp which is hot enough to fuse whole peoples is hot enough to consume its very hearth. . . . I have never yet [he is writing of the Renaissance now] lifted so great a mass, combined in a living unity so many apparently discordant elements. . . . I am trying to twist those threads which have never been woven together in science: law, art, etc., to show how a certain statue, a certain picture, is an event in the history of law, to follow the social movement from the stocky serf who upholds the niches of the feudal saints to the fantasy of the court (Goujon's Diana), even to Béranger. This double thread is twisted of industry and religion. It is easy for the imagination to catch a glimpse of this interaction, but to determine with any certitude the *manner*, the *quantity*, of the action, to found so new a theory scientifically, requires no small effort.

Behind the chronicles and legends of the Middle Ages, which that flame had rendered transparent, there now narrowed down into focus a new and distinct panorama. No one had really explored the French archives before; the histories had mostly been written from other histories. Michelet tells how in those "solitary galleries, where I wandered twenty years, in that deep silence, there had come to me the whispers of the souls who had suffered so long ago and who were smothered now in the past"—all the soldiers fallen in all the wars, reminding him of the hard reality and demanding of him bitterly whether he had come there to write romances in the manner of Walter Scott, prompting him to put into the record what had been left out by Monstrelet and Froissart, the "hired chroniclers" of the age of chivalry. One has heard Michelet called a romantic; and his history has plenty of movement and color and, in its early phases, passages of wordy rhetoric. But Michelet's fundamental attitude is certainly, as he insists, realistic and not romantic. He worked by himself, he says—the romantic movement "passed him by." "We are all more or less romantics," he had written in his journal at twenty-two. "It is a disease in the air we breathe. He is lucky who has equipped himself early with enough good sense and natural feeling to react against it."

The great medieval stories are in Michelet, and they are made vivid with a peculiar intensity; but the effect of the historian's treatment is to clear up the haze of myth about them. And they are presented in relation to a background of economic and social processes quite unknown to the school of romantic fiction of which Michelet disapproved. It was characteristic of the romantics to be interested in remarkable individuals for their own sake; Michelet was interested in remarkable individuals as representatives of movements and groups. The stately language of the old chronicles no longer gave its tapestry remoteness to the Crusades and the Hundred Years' War. Michelet made them take place on the same stage and pitched them at the same level of dignity as the wars of drilled regiments and artillery. What interests the historian more than the feats of individual prowess is the developing technique of warfare.

And we remember the terrible description of the peasants in the chapter on the peasant revolts when we have forgotten Philippe de Valois and Philippe le Bel:

> Today, [Michelet writes], there are few châteaux left. The decrees of Richelieu and the Revolution have seen to that. Yet when we find ourselves even now in our travels under the walls of Taillebourg or Tancarville, when in the depths of the Ardennes forest, in the Montcornet gorge, we catch sight above our heads, of the squinting oblique eye watching us pass, our heart contracts and we feel something of the sufferings of those who for so many centuries wasted at the foot of those towers. To know it we do not even need to have read the old histories. The souls of our fathers still throb in us for pains that have been forgotten, almost as the man who has been wounded feels an ache in the hand he has lost.

Michelet has done a good deal, it is true, to make Jeanne d'Arc popular and famous; but it was as the spokesman for the national sense of the people, not as a mystic or a saint, that she interested him.

> What legend is more beautiful [he writes] than this incontestable story? But one must be careful not to make it into a legend. One must piously preserve all its circumstances, even the most human; one must respect its touching and terrible humanity. . . . However deeply the historian may have been moved in writing this gospel, he has kept a firm hold on the real, and never yielded to the temptation of idealism.

And he insisted that Jeanne d'Arc had established the modern type of hero of action, "contrary to

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passive Christianity." His approach was thus entirely rational, based squarely on the philosophy of the eighteenth century—anti-clerical, democratic. And for this reason, the "History of the Middle Ages," important as it is, and for all its acute insight and its passages of marvelous eloquence, seems to me less satisfactory than the other parts of Michelet's history. What Michelet really admires are not the virtues which the chivalrous and Christian centuries cultivated, but the heroisms of the scientist and the artist, the Protestant in religion and politics, the efforts of man to understand his situation and rationally to control his development. Throughout the Middle Ages, Michelet is impatient for the Renaissance.

The reign of Louis XI, letting him down after Jeanne d'Arc, is too much for Michelet: though he is never precisely dull, he makes us feel during the periods which do not interest him his fatigue and his lack of sympathy. In the middle of Louis XI, he heaves a great sigh of oppression:

> The history of the fifteenth century is a long history [he writes], long are its years and long its hours. They were so for those who lived them, and they are so for him who has to begin them again and relive them. I mean, for the historian, who, taking history as something more than a game, makes the effort in good faith to enter into the life of the past. . . . For where *is* the life here? Who can say here which are the living and which are the dead? In what party am I to take an interest? Is there one among these various figures who is not either dubious or false? Is there one on whom the eye may rest and find expressed in him clearly the ideas, the principles, on which the heart of man lives? We have descended low indeed into indifference and moral death. And we must descend lower still.

In the meantime, in Michelet's own century, the struggle between the reaction and the republic is pressing to an issue again. The clergy are denouncing Michelet's history; and the child of the Revolution is called again to vindicate its principles. The Princess Clémentine gets married, and Michelet resigns his post as tutor; and in his course at the Collège de France, where he is now a popular figure, he begins a series of lectures against the Jesuits. Among his colleagues were the militant Quinet and the exiled Polish patriot Mickiewicz. "Action, action!" Michelet wrote in July, 1842, "action alone can console us! We owe it not only to man, but to all that lower nature which struggles up toward man, which contains the potentiality of his thought —to carry on vigorously thought and action." From 1843 on, Michelet follows a definite and uncompromising line. He turns his back on the Middle Ages, having given them, as he believes, all the sympathetic attention they deserve. It has become dangerous now to idealize them; the cult of that past only leads to reaction; the old tyrannies come back with the romance. And Michelet, although he did not engage in political action, jumped his history forward from the fifteenth century to the French Revolution, whose purposes and achievements he felt had been obscured by the confusion of events which had followed it. He was now at the height of his power; and, under pressure of the mounting passion which was to burst forth in 1848, he threw himself into the epic of three centuries which was to occupy him all the rest of his life and to which the "History of the Middle Ages" was to serve as scarcely more than an introduction.

EDMUND WILSON.

The second instalment of Mr. Wilson's essay—dealing with Michelet as a historian—will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.

Thousand-Dollar Vagrant

It was Lincoln Steffens who commanded me to write this story. "People don't know," he informed me, "how they arrest you, what they say, what happens in court. Tell them. Write it just as you told me about it." So here it is.

I WOULD have left at nine-thirty, but Billy came in with a thrilling story of how out in Fillmore the telephone poles had been plastered with leaflets, with stickers, "The Communist Party Lives and Fights." And for the first time in days, the strain, the sense of breaking over the heart, had slackened, disappeared. Sitting there, with the lulling simmer of the teakettle, the blinds drawn, safe, secure, I forgot the papers with their ugly headlines, the plainclothes dicks standing on every corner looking and waiting, the police cars rattling over the city, the screams of ambulances. I went over and began to wash the dishes. And someone knocked at the door.

Bill came back. "Bulls," he said, "get Johnny out first." For a second we stood and stared—then ducked Johnny out the back door. Then we dashed ourselves. But ugly voices were shouting, "Hold it, hold it, or we'll plug you," and the rods were pointed at us.

Johnny had got away. Billy, Jack, Dave and I were left. They rounded us back into the kitchen. There were five of them. Only the two harness bulls looked a little human. The other faces were distorted and bestial. I wouldn't have been surprised if they had ripped out knives or irons and started torturing us, if their revolvers had been pulled out and gone off. Words were lurching out of the head bull's mouth. His small pig eyes floated

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in red puddles. I gathered he was telling us to move over against the wall. Dave wasn't fast enough for him. He whipped out a blackjack and beat Dave over the head and chest.

They began searching the place. Flinging up curtains, peering in the garbage can, looking in the stove, ransacking the drawers. Questions ripped at us. Who are you, what's your name, were you born in Russia, who else was here, did anybody get away, who you expectin'?"

They asked Jack: "You a Communist?"

"Yes," he answered, "that's legal, isn't it?"

"Yeah? You're gonna find out how legal that is, you red bastard. This country's not good enough for you, huh? You don't like our Constitution, huh?"

A harness bull comes in from the other room with a box of Sam's books—at the same moment one of the plainclothes dicks discovers the bulletin the kids had been working on, stuck in a pan on the wall.

The head bull reads the names of the books. He takes out "Murder at Camp Hohenzollern" and—excitedly—Adamic's "Dynamite." "What you been planning to dynamite?" he thunders at Jack. "You know?"—he asks each of us—"You? You?"

They tell me to go in the other room. I am glad to sit down. I know why they want me out of the kitchen. I hear the questions. "Where were you born? In Russia?" Silence, a thud of something soft on a body. "What you doing here?" Silence. A thud. "Who's the girl?" Silence. A thud. "Where do you live? You? How many times you been arrested? Who's the head guy around here? What nationality are you? Come on—lie, we know you're all Jews or greasers or niggers. Who do you live with?"

The gorilla leaves the others to do the questioning and the slugging and comes into the other room. "What's your name?" "Teresa Landale." "Your address?" I can't give mine. "37 Grove," I answer. "What?" he bellows, "that's the Western—Western Striker address." (Western Worker.) "What do you do for a living?" "I'm a writer." "A writer?" He calls over to a weasel-faced bull—"Hey, we got the editor of The Western Striker." I protest. In vain. From now on I am editor of The Western Striker. "You married?" I don't answer. "You're Jack Olson's girl aren't you? Aren't you?" I don't answer. "What you doing here?" "I came to do a little typing." "Ever been arrested before? . . . Who's the other guys? Who got away? You're a Communist, ain't you? You know what would've happened if we wouldn't 've come. You'd probably been raped. Don't you know these guys aren't any better than niggers?"

I sat for three hours in the drafty central police station waiting for the black maria to take us over to the jail. There they registered us, searched the boys, and gave them another work-over (the kind of beating that hurts but doesn't show). While they were searching and registering the boys, I sat in one of the offices—trying to listen to a cop question me about the money that came from Russia. I heard afterward that when the desk sergeant commented on the fact that Billy only had a nickel and two pennies in his pocket, Billy told him gravely the strike had tied up our last three shipments of Moscow gold. This cop evidently believed it.

When they registered me I gave my address as 71 Diamond. A nonexistent number. Immediately, two plainclothesmen were sent out to investigate it, and raid the place. I was again questioned about my name, means of support, relatives, etc. "If you tell me, it'll prove you're not a vagrant."

But it doesn't matter who you are—you're helpless. If you give any names of members of your family they see that they lose their jobs; if you give your address they raid the place and wreck the furniture in the process of "searching." And even if you do show your "visible means of support"—you're still a vagrant. One of the boys' last pay check was in his pocket, and Marion Chandler had been arrested while she was sick in bed in her own home—as a vagrant. They got Mink and Sam too, who had rented the place. It was the landlady who had spotted it—the clicking of the typewriter at night, and the blinds pulled down, had made her suspicious.

The parting words to us as we got into the black maria were these: "This is your last ride for a long time—till you get to the county jail. You'll go up before Steiger and ask for a jury trial and get $1,000 bail clamped on you, and you'll get your trial—and you'll lie around and rot till you do, and you'll be convicted—and then we'll take the whole bunch of you, pour oil over you, and burn you up like they do the niggers down south."

It's a nice jail. The prostitutes say it's the nicest city jail in the United States. The matrons are nice too. When one searched my pockets and shoes, she apologized, saying it was the routine procedure. The fingerprint guy was human too. He was the first one who hadn't refused to believe anything I said, who didn't have me down as a (1) Communist, (2) liar, (3) foreigner, because I had happened to be with several Communists when a place was raided. He asked me to tell him—honestly—if I believed in this Communism, didn't I know it was all anarchy, rape, and bloodshed? Didn't I know it was controlled in Russia? Didn't I realize how it would ruin my life to be mixed up with such a bunch—here I was fingerprinted, down for life as a criminal, etc. . . .

The women's side of the jail was crowded that night, so girls were sleeping two in a bunk, four in a cell. But over on the men's side they were so crowded it was impossible to lie down. The first night I slept on a mattress on the floor. In the morning, when everyone filed in, I discovered there were three more $1,000 vagrants. Two of them were Communists; the third, Marion Chandler, was the wife of a Communist active in the unemployed movement. Elaine, the secretary of the I.L.D.,

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told me not to answer questions, and to refuse to take quarantine. For I discovered that Steiger had placed Marion under quarantine (tests for syphilis and gonorrhea given to prostitutes) and had thundered she'd stay in jail until she submitted. She didn't, and nothing was said when she got out on bail. Though the quarantine charge was slated for me too, not a word was said about it.

At ten in the morning I marched down to police court with the prostitutes, the drunks and a woman who had tried to kill her lover. They brought down the boys, handcuffed, behind us. We were up before Judge Steiger—the most bitter anti-labor judge in California. He has two idols—the first is Brisbane, and he drains every opportunity to say some resounding vacuity he considers scathing, or some maudlin platitude he considers profound; the second is Hitler. When Billy, in order to protect his parents, refused to say he had been in touch with them the past three years, Steiger, almost weeping, delivered an encomium on the filial virtues, the sympathy he felt for the poor parents whose son Communism had turned into a viper; to Dave, who said he had a teacher's certificate from the University of California, he bewailed the usages Communists put education to—taking advantage of our free schools, and then turning against the very government that makes their education possible.

When I refused to answer any questions other than that I was born in Nebraska, he suggested they investigate my sanity, only a mental case could talk like that. And he meant it. On all of us he put the usual $1,000 bail. Absolutely no proof was offered that I was a Communist, no one had ever seen me before, but the mere fact I was at the moment in company with some was enough to convince him.

Jack had evidently made a brief outline of what should go into a bulletin the Young Communist League was going to put out. On it he had a list something like—National Guard, Bernal Heights Story, the San Jose Terror, etc. Steiger had it on top of the "evidence"—the confiscated papers; his face glowed with delight—"incriminating stuff. Evidently code. Very dangerous. This is good work—these papers are valuable to us." When we went up before Judge Jacks to have our bail reduced, the judge declared, "Unfortunately Communism is no crime—as yet, though every other type of insanity allows us to place the culprit behind the bars. Communism is the effusion of halfwits. But do you have documents to prove they advocate overthrowing the government by force? That is a crime, you know." The officer announced he did. The judge read a marked paragraph out of a leaflet aloud once, twice. "Is that—can that be what you mean?" he asked. "Yah," the bull answered proudly, "there where it says to take over everything: 'Let the rank and file take control in their own hands, else there will be a sellout.'"

When I came up before the judge for bail reduction and he said, "so it was after you received the benefits of our free education that you decided our ideas weren't good enough, and you became a Communist," I answered—

"No, not then. It's since my free education gleaned during the last few days that I've got leanings in that direction."

San Francisco. TILLIE LERNER.

Shelter Belt Realities

MR. ROOSEVELT'S project for a Great Plains shelter belt, one hundred miles wide and stretching from Canada to Texas, is just now suffering from over-publicity. The shelter belt will serve to make the lot of the prairie farmer a good deal more pleasant, but it won't double the yield of his crops, prevent droughts or fulfill any of the ridiculous claims made for it in newspaper stories from Washington.

You may remember Mr. Roosevelt's 1932 preelection speech about the "million little trees" that he proposed to plant, and remember the merciless kidding the speech received from Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats. It will be pure luck if the shelter belt is not similarly joked to death—which would be a pity, for it represents a desirable, if minor, step toward the civilized use of our land.

While Mr. Roosevelt was on his return voyage from Hawaii, the administration advisers seemed to become jittery over the drought and its possible political repercussions. They radioed the "Houston," asking if Mr. Roosevelt couldn't please manage to produce another white rabbit from the presidential hat, and Mr. Roosevelt's answer was to order the announcement of the shelter-belt project. Before the story was released, however, the White House publicity experts apparently decided that it needed a little "heating up," so that newspaper readers next morning received the impression that, with the shelter belt, our national troubles were over.

The shelter belt is to be composed of one hundred parallel wooded strips, a mile apart and each seven rods wide. From an immediate viewpoint, the most important thing about the project is a ten-million-dollar allotment for the purchase or lease of the necessary land. Many thousands of farmers throughout the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle, whose land will be crossed by one of the wooded strips, will be eligible for a small cash payment. These states have been devastated by the drought;

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next winter money will be scarce and the payments will constitute a welcome, self-respecting form of relief. Also they will make the farmers feel kindlier toward the administration.

The shelter belt itself will be a long-time affair. A recent formal statement of Chief Forester F. A. Silcox contrasts sharply with the loose promises of the White House publicity staff. Mr. Silcox mildly points out that for the rest of this year the collection of seedling trees is about all that can be done. Next year, the hundred parallel strips will need fencing —incidentally a job for which the farmers will receive additional cash. By 1936, Mr. Silcox hopes that actual tree-planting can be begun. However, he estimates that to complete the planting of the 1,820,000 acres that the shelter belt will cover will take from eight to ten years. After that, ten or fifteen more years must elapse before the trees will be high enough to afford protection. The shelter belt will begin to be of benefit sometime about 1955.

The chief thing that a shelter belt is supposed to accomplish is the preventing, or at least the minimizing, of dust storms. However, you find that experts of the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior strongly believe that a much simpler, more direct way to prevent dust storms is to abandon dry farming. They look on such ventures as the famous Campbell wheat ranch in Montana with a sour eye. In dry farming, it is necessary to let fields stand fallow each second or third year, during which not even a shelter belt can prevent calamitous wind erosion. Except where irrigation systems can be established, the government's soil authorities want the whole dry-farming area returned to grass, and used only for ranching.

The present hundred-mile shelter-belt project, you discover, has been deliberately located to the eastward of the principal dry farming areas. The Department of Agriculture's Forest Service maintains that where there isn't enough moisture for a yearly crop of wheat, there isn't enough for a tree, either.

It must constantly be emphasized that the shelter belt will do nothing to prevent the great dust storms of the far western states—storms like the one last spring that for twelve hours covered the whole East to the Atlantic seaboard with a black pall—and isn't designed to prevent them. These far-western dust storms, as we have just seen, must be cured by bringing back the prairie. Within the hundred-mile zone in which the present shelter belt is to be created—a zone to the east of a line through the western border of Kansas—dust storms have not been an especially serious problem.

The other thing that a shelter belt is supposed to do is to increase moisture. Obviously snow falling or drifting directly under a tree is going to evaporate more slowly than snow in an open field. It will be more likely to soak into the ground, replenishing the water table, and not run off into the nearest stream and be lost. The same thing is true of rain. But just as experts regard a shelter belt as of minor value in preventing dust storms, so they regard it as wholly secondary in preventing surface-water run-off. They assert that the problem of surface run-off will never be adequately dealt with until farmers have been educated, first, to dam up all ravines and gullies on their lands and, second, to begin the terracing of sloping fields. At the present moment, the Forest Service is using C.C.C. workers to build little stone and earth dams, gratis, on farms in the Middle West.

According to the Forest Service, experiments have shown that a shelter belt composed of trees one hundred feet high will reduce evaporation of the ground moisture by perhaps as much as one-third, for a distance of thirteen hundred feet to leeward. This has an impressive sound, but no such result can possibly be expected from the administration's shelter-belt project, since on the Great Plains trees will not grow to anything like a hundred feet.

Measurements made some time ago of corn in a western Kansas field, protected by a twenty-foot hedge of Osage orange, showed that the height of plants decreased from 6.1 feet at a distance of 9 feet from the windbreak, to 5.85 feet at a distance of 50 feet, to 4.65 feet at a distance of 150 feet, beyond which no effect was discernible. In the administration's shelter-belt project, therefore, it seems likely that only the extreme edge of the fields nearest the windbreaks will benefit appreciably. The further claim that a shelter belt, in addition to retarding ground evaporation, tends to increase the humidity of the air, is mostly nonsense.

The Forest Service states:

> A windbreak has no direct effect upon the humidity of the air. It [the humidity] may be increased or decreased slightly, however, due to the deflection or stagnation of the air, and will be affected in all cases by the reduction of wind velocity.

A shelter belt, in brief, is no substitute for adequate rainfall.

It is not planned that the present shelter-belt project will produce commercial timber. Trees grown on the Great Plains will lead hard lives, and will be stunted, knotty, twisted. However, as time goes on they will yield firewood for the neighboring farmers, probably fence posts as well, and in a treeless region this will be an important gain. At present, the Forest Service plans to use the green ash as its first choice, with the red cedar, cottonwood, elm, hackberry, burr oak, yellow pine and Black Hills spruce as alternatives.

When the shelter-belt project was announced, one of the ways taken to puff up the story was to point out the daring nature of the step. The fact is that shelter belts are the exact reverse of a daring, revolutionary innovation. Western Russia, for one, has had them for several centuries, and so has the rest

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of Europe. In France, laws defining the amount of land each commune must allot to tree windbreaks can be traced back to seigniorial custom in the Middle Ages. A good example of the extent to which the shelter belt has become part of the European cultural complex, is the case of post-war Hungary. One of the first acts of the Horthy dictatorship was to order the planting of shelter belts, prescribing the amount of land and the kind of trees to be used, and the way the trees were to be planted and cared for. Enforcement was entrusted to the Hungarian forestry corps, containing some of the best foresters in the world. Similarly, as soon as the Dalmatian coast became Italian territory, the compulsory planting of shelter belts was ordered by Mussolini.

The greatest significance of our own shelter-belt project, it seems to me, is the evidence it gives of a turn towards a more settled, civilized way of life. Greater than any economic advantage will be the protection afforded human beings and beasts against the crazy, pounding prairie winds of winter, and against the summer sun. When you begin to have shelter belts, terraced fields, artificial water holes, you are approaching an agriculture that is fundamentally conservative, where pleasantness of life and a traditional, decent use of the land are beginning to be more important than snatching a quick fortune and moving to Southern California.

Unlike the farmers of Hungary, farmers here are not going to be coerced by the government. The Forest Service will pay them for their land, pay them to fence it and assume responsibility for the planting of the trees. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the shelter-belt project, along with other measures of the Roosevelt administration, promises a time when the buccaneering, get-rich-quick farming we have been accustomed to see in the Middle West will be prohibited, and farmers will no longer be permitted to mistreat at random their land and themselves.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Radio: A Progress Report

RADIO broadcasting stations are solemnly allowed to exist because they have convinced the federal government that they are busily serving "public convenience and necessity." Taking their obligations with a perfectly straight face, the stations serve the kitchen by providing recipes, serve the drawing room by providing entertainment, and now—may Venus herself bear witness—they are serving the boudoir by providing a lover.

Thus does science reach out for farther and more shining goals. Is your nuptial couch as yet a dream; has a once fond fireside bliss degenerated into a series of unwilling grunts from a boorish spouse; or are you just plain wild and willing, with no takers? Do not despair. The agency that ever so gently tells you how to cure diarrhea in dogs and induce it in children, the agency that brings Wayne King for your face, Rudy Vallee for your liver and Father Coughlin for your soul, will not fail you now. Radio will provide Your Lover.

The title is actual, the program unbelievable. Three times a week there emanates from the wonders of Radio City the great unabashed—the man who calls himself simply Your Lover. Timidly his ethereal pollen was sprinkled upon the air from station WEAF alone, at first. Even in the hard-boiled, predominantly metropolitan area served by this New York unit of the NBC chain, so many drooping, unsuspected wallflowers lifted up their heads for the Immaculate Fertilization that the sponsors immediately sensed they had a Good Thing. Another station was hooked in as a test, and now there are bright prospects that before the snow flies Your Lover will waft his wonders over the nation.

"Fair lady, have you a few minutes for someone who thinks you are the loveliest girl in the world?" (Ah, there—guess who this is!) "Lean over here close to your radio a minute . . . close to me . . . just as if I could look into your lovely eyes . . . scent the perfume of your hair . . . caress the velvety softness of your cheek . . . darling. . . . "

Your Lover is singing now. "Let Me Take You In My Arms." First he talks, then he sings. Sometimes he philosophizes, talks about God. Often he puts in homely little details, tells about his moustache, his brother, his visits to actor friends. Such a dear, friendly person he is. It's safe to tell Aunt Matilda about him. Now he's back on his main theme. ". . . Darling . . . what are we going to call your radio here? . . . Our trysting place? Our rendezvous? . . . You're so sweet. . . . Do you think you'll have a quarter hour for me tomorrow, say four o'clock? I'll be at your radio here . . . my shrine . . . where I worship the loveliest girl in the world. . . ."

Phew! Let's come up for air. Who is this Your Lover? It's one of those open secrets of radio—kept strictly secret on the air, but revealed many times in the local newspapers. He's a tenor, he's married, he's in his thirties, he toured America and Europe in musical comedy, he's a member of a popular radio quartet, and a soloist on other programs. More revealing items—he was born on a farm in Kansas, was once an ordained minister and street-corner evangelist in California, still retains a part interest in a funeral parlor in Bakersfield.

He's singing again. Lonely women bathed in bathos; starved and tragic bosoms drawn close to a wooden cabinet; the psychopathics, the neurotics, set afloat in roseate unreality, or sitting in dim rooms, alone, with monstrous, unholy desires.

Your Lover is singing. "Pale hands I loved . . ." The announcer comes in, "Fair lady, don't you want to look your best when you greet Your Lover? . . . the Ambrosia Company . . . free the pores of deep-lying soil . . . fresh and lovely . . . at any drug, department or ten-cent store. . . . "

T. R. CARSKADON.

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Washington Notes

What Is a Shortage?—Wallace versus the N.R.A.—Drought Floods the Streams of Politics

MR. ROOSEVELT'S return to Washington has stiffened up the officials concerned with the drought emergency. During the first half of August, most of them visited the drought areas, and saw with their own eyes the endless, blackened fields and dying cattle. Quite understandably, they were deeply shaken. The reaction of many of them, including Secretary Wallace himself, seemed to be: "Ah, woe is me! Woe is the fall election! Woe is the New Deal!" But with Mr. Roosevelt back in the White House, and with reports of rain from a large number of drought counties, everyone is beginning to feel better.

The only officials who did not at any time get emotional about the drought were the Department of Agriculture's technical experts. While political leaders of the administration were sunk in black despair, the experts stayed irritatingly calm. Most of them felt, and still feel, that the national alarm over the drought contains a great deal of bunk.

They complain that the word "shortage" is being used by hostile critics of the A.A.A. in two different ways. Under the profit system, necessarily we have a permanent shortage of available food. Babies don't have enough milk; growing children don't have enough fresh vegetables or fruits. In this sense, the experts admit, the nation now has a shortage of food, has had for many years and will continue to have while distribution is based on ability to buy, rather than on need.

The experts object, however, that this isn't what "shortage" ordinarily means. In its ordinary sense, no shortage exists as a result of the drought. Last spring there was a surplus of twenty million cattle—not a surplus above the ideal needs of the community, but above the amount that could be profitably sold. Despite the drought and the great government slaughtering program, this surplus is not altogether eliminated. The present wheat carryover is 290,000,000 bushels; the deficiency in this year's crop will merely reduce it to normal size. Next spring and summer, because of the poor corn crop, there may be an absolute shortage of hog products; there also may be an absolute shortage of apples, but otherwise our customary supplies of food are in sight.

Some experts who go in for heavy thinking advance what seems to me a sound explanation of the present burst of feeling against crop curtailment and the A.A.A. They argue that the mass of citizens accept the profit system, and accept as natural and proper the curtailing of crops by farmers in order to raise farm prices. At the same time, when they pass people on the streets, people who obviously could do with a plate of pork chops or a beefsteak, they have sharp qualms. Ever since the establishment of the A.A.A. their bourgeois morality, which recognizes the rightness of profits at the cost of whatever suffering, has been in hidden, violent conflict with their instincts, which are that people ought to eat. Now that the farmer—provided he has anything left to sell—seems assured of a profit by the drought, their bourgeois morality is temporarily satisfied, and they can give voice to their deep horror that people go hungry in the midst of relative plenty.

The complaint of the experts is that the blame should be laid on the N.R.A., not on the A.A.A. The problem to be faced this winter is not that of an adequate food supply; we have that. The problem is how people can afford to pay the increased prices food is certain to bring. If, by now, the N.R.A. had succeeded in bringing about a high level of industrial employment and high wage disbursements, the drought would present no difficulties. On the contrary, by removing the surpluses that have overhung most agricultural markets since 1930, the drought would have been a benefit—at least by the crazy, upside-down standards of our present economy. The sole problem then would be that of giving relief, and if possible a certain degree of purchasing power, to the farmers whose crops had been ruined. Indeed, even for these farmers the drought is not altogether a disaster, since for the first time in four years or more, they can now confidently look forward to a period of high prices.

In the view of the experts, Mr. Wallace should not be obliged to take on himself responsibility for the sins of the N.R.A. They point out that it is Mr. Wallace's sworn duty, laid down in the statute creating the A.A.A., to raise food prices. To the extent that higher food prices next winter represent money received by the farmers rather than the spread exacted by processers and wholesalers, Mr. Wallace should feel he is to be congratulated. If the high prices force many people to go hungry, that is strictly General Johnson's headache.

It seems to me that what the drought has done is to create, not a technological problem, but a political problem of great acuteness. If this winter the administration does not intervene to keep food prices from rising, it must face the resentment of millions of insufficiently paid industrial workers. Rising food prices will almost certainly mean the continuance of strikes, and may possibly cause serious rioting. On the other hand, if the administration does anything to prevent farm prices from going to the promised 1914 "parity," it will concentrate on itself the lasting enmity of the farmers.

Apparently the present plan of the administration is to follow its usual course of dodging clear-cut decisions. The F.E.R.A. has been instructed to buy up all crops that would not otherwise be harvested, as well as all available surpluses. This buying, I am informed, is now in progress on a vast scale. In this way, it is hoped that the F.E.R.A., later on in the winter, can avoid entering the food market as a purchaser, and itself contribute to forcing up prices. Plans are also being discussed to have the F.E.R.A. make disbursements at a rate at least equal to that of last year, as a direct stimulus to industrial recovery. The form these disbursements will take is as yet unsettled, but it seems certain that the C.W.A. is to be revived, perhaps under another name.

The F.E.R.A. will feed the unemployed. For those with jobs at the wretchedly low N.R.A. wages, the administration plans to control food prices by threatening, if necessary, to throw part of the F.E.R.A. accumulations into commer-

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cial channels. This seems to have been definitely decided since Mr. Roosevelt's return, and the knowledge that they have this new, potent weapon has put fresh spirit into the administration officials. According to present plans, the government will wait until the farmers' harvest has passed into the hands of processers and distributors. If any speculative running-up of prices then occurs, it will announce its readiness to sell its own F.E.R.A. supplies. With this summer's huge purchases of drought cattle, the F.E.R.A. will be amply equipped to control the low-grade meat price. Since beef is a rival food to pork and mutton, it is hoped that the government will be able to control the price of all meats. It is also hoped that the F.E.R.A. will succeed in accumulating sufficient supplies of other foods, particularly canned vegetables and fruits, to exercise control over food costs in general. Whether this will be possible, however, seems doubtful. To prevent a speculative rise in wheat, endangering the price of bread, Secretary Wallace is expected to agree to an increase in next year's wheat acreage, and to the establishment of an "ever-normal granary." The "ever-normal granary" is simply a handsome name for a carryover—part of which will be held by the A.A.A.—sufficiently great to keep the Chicago Board of Trade permanently in order.

The final weapon of the administration is the tariff. Cubans, and the people of the whole Caribbean area, would be enchanted to sell us vegetables and fruits; Argentinians to sell us the grain-fattened beef we lack because of the drought; Australians and New Zealanders to sell us mutton. We have idle men and idle factories to make the things they would gladly receive in exchange. Some administration members believe that, as a measure of price control, temporary imports of food will be necessary. But this would arouse the anger of farmers as nothing else would, and I predict it will not be tried.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Other People's Money

The Exchange Commission Lays the Ground Work—Business Gains Evaporate—The President's Bitter Test

THE Securities and Exchange Commission has taken the first step to put the new Securities Exchange Act into effect. It has furnished to exchanges the application forms on which they are to apply for registration. It has announced its temporary rules for admitting corporate securities to listing on the exchanges when these are admitted to registry.

Newspapers and the public generally have seemed to be a little at sea about the precise significance of this first official pronouncement of the commission. There has been a tendency on one hand to criticize the commission for its leniency—a tendency that was not at all checked by the jubilant approval of The New York Times, The Herald Tribune, by Wall Street and, according to Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy, by Mr. Richard Whitney as well. In other quarters—particularly among the reporters who wrote the news stories—there was a tendency to make much of the "rules" and to give them the appearance of being drastic or "searching."

As a matter of fact, the whole incident has been completely misunderstood. The commission has dealt with two subjects: registry of exchanges and registry of securities. In the first it has merely followed the directions of the act by preparing for all exchanges seeking registration a list of the information that the commission requires when the application is made. It requires the exchanges to agree to enforce the Securities Exchange Act and to expel members who violate its provisions. This, in the same way, is merely in compliance with the law that lays down these two requirements.

When any exchange applies for registry, the commission must then determine from the information at its disposal, and within thirty days, whether the exchange is so organized as to comply with the provisions of the act and the rules made under its authority. Therefore, what the commission has done with reference to exchanges is strictly in accordance with the law and is, so far as I can see, quite beyond criticism. The test will not come until it acts upon the registry applications and decides whether the present organization of some exchange is adequate to enforce compliance.

The commission has announced that it proposes to compel the exchanges to undertake a measure of policing. In this I think the commission is correct. Indeed, it is essential for the time being at least that the commission shall hold the exchanges to a severe and extensive measure of self-policing. But of course this will not exclude the power of the commission at any time to add its own police surveillance to any phase of the work of any securities exchange that requires it.

If the announcement is open to any criticism on this point, it is on the nature of the questions submitted to the exchanges. To the uninitiated the questions had the appearance of being what The Times called "searching." As a matter of fact, they are far from searching. They will elicit no information that cannot be had by reading the constitution, by-laws, and last year's report of the New York Stock Exchange. The questions had to be formulated, of course, but the answers will contribute nothing to the sum of human knowledge about any exchange.

The other phase of the announcement contained the rules for admitting securities to listing on the newly registered exchanges. In effect the rules make provision for transferring practically the entire existing list to temporary listing until July 1, 1935, or sooner, as may be determined by the commission. I do not well see how the commission could do otherwise. One of its first great tasks must be to provide rules for the admission of new securities to listing. Such rules ought to be made only after very careful, extensive and expert study of the problem. What is more, they ought not to be announced without giving interested persons an opportunity to examine them and criticize them. But it would be unfair to suppose that the commission could even start such a study in the limited time it has had. The proper thing to do, therefore, is to admit all existing listing to registry pending the formulation of a permanent policy.

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Our business situation at this moment is such that no one should write about it save in a spirit of calm analysis. The President and his advisers persist in the sad policy of attempting to restore prosperity by means of ballyhoo. For five years now the people of America have been persistently and cruelly lied to about their economic condition. I for one had hoped this futile course would be abandoned when Mr. Roosevelt came into office. But, alas, the President was led by some very foolish advisers into holding out hope of early recovery through various measures, particularly the N.R.A. General Johnson continues to parade claims of the great contributions of his administration to the uplift of business. This, of course, is the inevitable course of the man who insists he has the cure for the disease. He must continue to announce the recovery of the patient until they nail the coffin lid down over his face.

The facts speak for themselves. The advocate who is interested in promotion or politics can make any explanation he chooses. Here are the facts. First let me give two well known indices of business—those of The Times and The Herald Tribune. I give the index number for business activity on January 1, 1933, August 5, 1933 and August 4, 1934. The simple figures speak for themselves:

	Jan. 1, 1933	Aug. 5, 1933	Aug. 4, 1934
Times	71	89.8	79.4
Herald Tribune	51	75.5	56.1

By either index all the gains of the last year have been more than canceled. We are down well below the figure of a year ago and within a few points of the level of January, 1933, when Hoover was in office.

An examination of individual items is even more illuminating. For those who think the stock market is still a barometer of business, stock prices are now at 79.14 compared with 89.11 last August. Stock sales the first week of August were 4,582,592 shares, just a little over half as much as in the same week of 1933. But to get to more substantial factors—realities that lie beneath the attention of headline writers—here are some trade figures:

	1933	1934
Car loadings, tons (week)	620,482	611,298
Ingot production, tons (week)	3,168,254	1,472,584
U. S. Steel deliveries, tons (July)	701,322	369,938
R. R. Earnings (July)	$59,831,293	$41,836,301
Cotton consumption, bales (July)	601,000	335,000

An examination of the building industry is even more eloquent. There has been an increase in building contracts. The following figures give the estimates of the F. W. Dodge Statistical Research Service and of the Engineering News-Record, for the quarter ending July 31, 1933 and 1934:

	1933	1934
Engineering News	$232,000,000	$339,743,000
F. W. Dodge	262,068,000	383,778,700

Here, it will be seen, is a rise in both indices. But the rise is due entirely to public building. Here are the figures for private building in the same quarters:

	1933	1934
Engineering News	$ 96,000,000	$ 63,939,000
F. W. Dodge	189,480,000	183,565,000

It is indeed alarming to find private building contracts actually falling below the level of last year. I pointed out last week that, while security financing during July was quite large, new financing—exclusive of mere refunding operations—was the lowest since the depression.

The really significant thing about all this is that we should have this situation after all the sums that have been put into business channels by Mr. Roosevelt during the last year. Emergency expenditures during the fiscal year ending July 1, 1934 were $4,004,135,550. Emergency expenditures, exclusive of sums loaned by the R.F.C., were $2,389,203,212. But these expenditures did not begin on a large scale until around October, 1933. So that in nine months the President spent on emergency devices over $260,000,000 a month. Whatever lift in business occurred was due, of course, to this spending. The N.R.A. had absolutely nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, that turbulent bureau impeded recovery by putting up retail prices until now the retailers themselves are complaining.

But here is the most disturbing fact. Business at this time last year was far better than it is now; private building was better; private new financing was better and that in spite of the fact that now great sums of public money are flowing out into business while then this was not so. In July, 1934, the government spent on emergency measures $235,878,916. In July of last year the government spent only $75,353,742.

Last May I ventured to predict, in this department, that Mr. Roosevelt would face his test by the middle or latter part of July. I think that test now confronts the President.

John T. Flynn.

Lady and Lover

Lady, you are a character in a play, you walk
westward toward the window with just such taking
of the strange light upon your face, the effect
conscious and calculated, but none the less
deep in the evening's beauty. Who could have known
that the sunset would be of these wild colors,
making the room, the walls, your face, a strange
description, such a sharpening of the fact,
or such a lighting of it, as gives it new
wonders and disorders? You have seen meadows
changed by the evening light, striped and brightened,
or a single oakleaf burning like a miracle
in casual sunlight, each vein and mole and wound
become as real and vascular as the warm tissue
of your own hand, lifted against the sun.
Thus now your face, at the open window,
against the dying madness of a simple day:
your calculations fall in with those of god:
your deceptions are his: and what was meant to be
a clever figment, a designed action, becomes
something the hand cannot touch, nor the mind follow,
nor the heart withhold. Your lies becomes a truth:
so beautiful, so burning, that he believes—
he, the deceived one, looks, and loves, and believes.

Conrad Aiken.

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Magic of Pantalone

SURMISES as to the connection between the Commedia dell'arte and Elizabethan drama are often due to inaccurate conceptions of the scope and nature of the Commedia dell'arte, and are too often based on a disregard of the other sources of Italianate influence. These volumes[1] on the Italian popular comedy concern the relation between the English and the Italian stage between the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

The first necessity for such a study must be a common knowledge of the conditions of the Italian popular stage of the epoch, and there is, so far, no full exposition of this for English readers, nor in any great detail for French or Italian. The bulk of Professor Lea's book, therefore, is devoted to an attempt to explain the nature and to reconstruct the development of the Commedia dell'arte so that its part in Elizabethan dramatic history may fall into a better perspective. We have, accordingly, chapters on a typical performance: the masks; the scenari; the antecedents of this comedy (involving the theories advanced to account for the Commedia dell'arte in the Italian Renaissance, its relation to Asiatic mimes and to Atellan comedy); the player companies (the famous Andreini, for example), and such related points as royal patronage, itineraries, expenses, taxes, control, system of licensing, private patronage, property lists, and the decadence and improvisation coincident with the increase of facilities for production.

The second volume devotes the first 120 pages to contrasts and comparisons between the Commedia dell'arte and Elizabethan drama. Here among the many aspects appear citations of Englishmen in Italy, and notes (briefly) on English actors abroad and Italian actors in England. Of the latter the records are loose and vague, but we have the fact that by 1591 the visits of Italian comedians were common enough for spies to choose the habit of tumblers as a safe disguise. Stage improvisation seems to have had only two meanings in the English theater. One was extemporaneous rhyming. To a theme the Italians were expected to fit a plot, the Englishmen a rhyme. The secondary meaning was to gag; they kept to the drift of the plot, but addressed topical comments to the audience. The traces of the Commedia dell'arte in Shakespearean drama—"The Tempest," "The Comedy of Errors," for example—are inevitably discussed anew. Also in this volume are seven valuable appendices of play lists, diaries, and so on.

It is worth noting, in the history of the Commedia dell'arte, that the longer theatrical seasons and establishment of permanent theaters with their fine décor did not work entirely for the health of this popular Italian form. The vigor of interpretation tends to decline in the midst of scenic riches, and the effect of the elaborate French patronage tended to stifle some of the essential character. There were interesting and important changes with such climactic points as Molière ahead, but for the Commedia itself the seventeenth century spelled a decline. Its height had arrived by the end of the sixteenth century, and by the end of the eighteenth its book was closed.

[1] Italian Popular Comedy: A Study of the Commedia dell'arte, 1560-1620, with special reference to the English stage, by K. M. Lea. New York: The Oxford University Press. 2 vols., 697 pages. $15.

Professor Lea understands well the difficulty at the very start of dealing with this popular Italian theater; for there is not even a rendering in English of the phrase *dell'arte*. "Of the profession" is of like implication but is not a translation. "Art" and "craft" as used by the Italians are the same word, *arte*. In the phrase *Comedia dell'arte* the fusion of these meanings is a happy one: the profession (craft) preserving the tradition from which the art emerges, the artistic production giving dignity to the profession (craft). No record, or testimony, or attempted revivals, can ever express what the Commedia dell'arte was. In one sense, at least, its essential nature is to be found in its power at times to pass with such curious facility and abundance from mere craft into theater art of a very high, free, abundant and spontaneous order—however perilous its course—*"Le bon comédien marche au milieu du chemin, et l'excellent comédien va sur le bord du precipice."*

In the course of Professor Lea's volumes, there is a disturbing suggestion now and then that the basic nature of the theater art is not as immediate to him as are his scholarly researches. To say, for example, "Farce is comedy reduced to commercialism," (on the ground that "The best farce is what gives the maximum of amusement for the minimum of intellectual effort. The few go to the theater to consider, to cry, to conjecture; the many go to be amused"), is merely to confess yourself outside the theater art. Nor, apropos of the Commedia dell'arte, is his phrase "a new method of lively presentation" any too good a sign. The foundation of the Commedia dell'arte rests, in the widest meaning of the term, in the dance. And its free, full use of all the elements of theatrical expression (song, words, movement, décor, etc.) make it the most elemental and lasting embodiment of what the theater art, *as distinguished from all other arts,* essentially is. A fuller comprehension of, or insistence on, this point would, without lessening its other qualities, have given this already indispensable work on the Commedia dell'arte a wider and more luminous application to the theatre in general.

STARK YOUNG.

Some Films That Failed

I WISH I had seen a good picture somewhere, or even a significantly bad one, because criticism when it becomes yawning and noncommittal and safe (Oh, you might have a look at this if you've a taste for that sort of thing), is a poor crutch to go on. Conviction, one way or the other, will almost write a review by itself. And it is hard to be convinced of anything where, as in the present crop, the most interesting things are the interesting failures.

"Our Daily Bread" is the picture Mr. King Vidor has been making independently of Hollywood, doing his own writing, directing, cutting and financing the venture by mortgaging (it is said) his shirt. What with Hollywood's aversion to social content, and Mr. Vidor's preoccupation with it, and the bars being thus down and all, there has been quite some interest in the result. Excepting several strong and good scenes, however, the result could hardly be distinguished from Frank Borzage in all the panoply of his glory and with the bars firmly up. Its only real social comment lies in the state of unemployment of a

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score or so of people brought haphazardly together by a farming venture in which, docile under the leadership of the hero (Tom Keene; Y.M.C.A. roughrider), they labor and share the fruits communally. There is a drought, all waver, hero flies coop with stray tart. Meeting water three miles off, hero comes back to lead the boys in climactic excavation of a ditch. The central idea of men working together is good, some of the soil element fresh, and the outcome stirring. But there in the main foreground is the most obvious sort of boy-girl-siren triangle, and wouldn't you guess that the minute someone got a free hand in plot construction he would hang the whole story on the back of such an old love nag as even Hollywood might be ashamed to take out for a canter. The trouble is that Mr. Vidor, however independent, still seems to be governed by the industry's idea of box-office requirements, which in turn still governs the industry. If you are going to subscribe to the first, of course there is no use trying to be free of the second.

Another film made with no Hollywood restrictions is "The House of Greed" (a Russian-language film at the New York Acme). But here the story is so fumbled in getting into screen terms, and the technique so poor (the photography was good, but its effect hamstrung by cutting, sound and lighting), that the satire on landholders in Old Russia never really gets through. There is the suggestion of an art form that is new and unsteady on its feet in the handling of the material, but the material itself lacks the rough strength often associated with such a form. The minor characters are striking types, but stylized. Gardin in the main part is a sort of cross between Tartuffe and Harpagon—the praying usurer who gloated and inherited at his brother's death, drove his mother to her grave, his son to Siberia, one of his nieces to incest and both to suicide; who oppressed his tenants and sent his bastards to orphan asylums. Gardin is mostly hampered by a makeshift plot, but near the end takes on a crazy sinister dignity of his own, moving off in that half-light in a way to suggest judgments and dooms not implicit in the facts. The picture is an advance over The Rover Comrades on a Revolution sort of thing but is still in the pantomimic stage of the old half-formed silents.

Then from the regular channels there are also movies that are good enough so that they might have been better. Both "Cleopatra" and "The Girl from Missouri" make better watching, actually, than either of the two heavy ones mentioned above. The first is a spectacle designed to make chins hang, and much more effectively done than most, for frequently there was the feeling, "This is likely, This is how it was"; and Claudette Colbert kept attention on the screen most of the time. The principal failings are those of other De Mille supersplashes. First, the more elaborate the background, the more each misplaced detail makes the hollowness of it burlesque; second, the more high and solemn the events of history under portrayal, the more inadequate become the squeaky little heroics of lines and characters. "The Girl from Missouri" was written by Mr. and Mrs. Anita Loos and shows Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore and Franchot Tone under the direction of Jack Conway. The story, of the working girl who rough-housed her way into the homes of the rich and finally blew up on their smugness, starts off brightly and gives Miss Harlow some rather good work. In the pre-purity days the film was "Born to be Kissed," but it was hastily decided that was not a very nice way to be born, and so the whole thing was sent back for fumigation, with the result that it now manages to show a great deal of flesh and to plug the chastity idea for dear life, which leads to an awful hash of tinny melodrama at the end.

Whoever has seen Will Rogers has seen "Handy Andy," in which there is a little homely humor and so much goodness and horse sense (as of the family man) that you had better stay clear of this dull evening, too. "The World Moves On" is so sleazy with sentiment and striving for big effect that I could not last it out. It has a World War story, Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone, who is becoming ubiquitous—a wet charge of powder if there ever was one. . . . Up to the time of writing, the best bet in movies seems to be "The Man with Two Faces," an inconsequential murder piece, but sustained in tone and cleverly put together. It is a little old now, but has the virtue of being neither tiresome nor irritating.

OTIS FERGUSON.

A COMMUNICATION

A Call to Scientists

SIR: With increasing concern we have observed that, as a result of the political development in many countries, the freedom of science has been threatened or entirely destroyed. We have seen how scientific investigations have been suppressed, or their results falsified, in order to make them serviceable to the dominant political doctrine. We have seen, for instance in Germany, how doctrines unsubstantiated by science or entirely discredited by it have been elevated to the rank of scientific knowledge through pressure from the state, if these doctrines appeared useful for political aims.

We have verified the fact that in various countries science is subordinated almost entirely to the need of war industry and to the propagation of a chauvinistic ideology. From the last war we have learned the devastating effect of a war period on scientific research, and we are convinced that at present the very threat of a war danger hampers free scientific investigation and reduces it to the function of slave to war industry.

We know that in fascist countries many highly respected scholars have been driven from the scene of their activity or have voluntarily quitted their homes, because they refused to sacrifice their learning to the violent demands of the totalitarian state.

In many countries we behold the organization and growth of political powers making such unlimited claims that beside them there would be no place for intellectual independence. Especially the events in Germany have evoked our most profound concern for the perpetuation of the freedom of science.

In that country the exact sciences have been openly degraded to jobbing for war industries. During the education of young physicists and chemists much time is devoted to lectures and practical exercises in "defensive science": gas

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protection, air protection, study of explosives, war intelligence service, which have no relation to the scientific significance of this field. Moreover, only such investigations are favored as are likely to bring about a direct technical advance, and are therefore grateful to the state's interests in "economic and technical predominance throughout the world."

> National socialism is not unscientific, but only hostile to theories.—*Dr. Rust, Reichsminister for Science, Education and Popular Instruction, in a speech at the Physical and Technical Reichsanstalt, June 27, 1934.*

All branches of physics which cannot be made to serve political and economic imperialism are therefore hampered and restricted. Studies which have contributed essentially to the broadening of our concept of the physical universe are thrust aside openly as vain and fruitless intellectualism.

In biology and medicine there rules the same principle of brutal subordination to political aims. Verified scientific knowledge concerning heredity and race is cast aside. In its place appear new doctrines, unverified by honest research, but maintained to support a political doctrine and designed for the annihilation of hundreds of thousands of human existences. In order to propagate and establish these new doctrines (ethnology, hereditary pathology, the question of sterilization, marital legislation), "chairs of instruction" were founded and "textbooks" were written; but the scientific preparation of the instructors and authors consisted merely in willingness to recognize the wishes of the authoritarian state and to clothe them in pseudo-scientific dress.

In practical medicine, the most exalted task of the physician—to place his knowledge and ability at the disposal of his patient, regardless who it might be—is now limited. In accordance with the National Socialist belief that it is senseless to help the weak at the expense of the biologically strong, social hygiene is now shorn of all justification. Quacks are placed side by side with experienced physicians in many fields, and colleges are forced to establish chairs of "nature-healing." The gates are open to superstition and deceit.

The eternal principles of human rights have been banished from the halls of philosophical instruction. The works of the greatest philosophers have been handed over to small spirits who, under political direction, sift them through and promulgate them anew in falsified form.

> From now on, philosophy and science must be re-oriented in the spirit of the S.A. and the S.S.—*Dr. Rust, at the Congress of Philosophers in Halle.*

Historical research is completely obedient to the current political demands. This is not only true of questions of recent times. Regardless of historical truth, prehistorical and ancient times are so presented as to support the thesis of superiority of the nation concerned, and the inferiority of all others. Under the protection of the political power, sources are frequently falsified and their acceptance assured by the suppression of all scientific investigation or criticism. Very often a purposeful mysticism is substituted for an awkward historical truth.

The suppression of free research and the violation of truth are most clearly revealed in the new jurisprudence. Justice is sacrificed to martial law. Punishment and execution now serve revenge and the annihilation of political opponents. Where no law declared a deed punishable, it is made retroactively possible to destroy the doer. The new jurisprudence, which is designed to give a theoretical basis for the cruel and arbitrary practice, is founded on legal concepts of the Middle Ages, long since outmoded.

Teaching and studying are enslaved along with pure science. The colleges suffer from an intellectual terror exercised by one part of the students. Students are forced to join military organizations. Upon the completion of examinations, the scientific achievements of the students are, according to official order, given comparatively small consideration in the application for state positions involving scientific work. Successful military drill and political reliability are the determining factors.

Through misuse of and contempt for free research there is imminent danger that the whole structure of scientific knowledge will be destroyed and from the fragments a new series of enslaved pseudo-sciences will be erected, which will be harmful for the progress of mankind.

Because of this condition of affairs we believe that the moment has come to summon all scholars and scientists of all countries and to lay it upon them as a duty to look beyond the limits of their specialties and to recognize the common danger. Let them join with us in the maintenance and protection of free science, as one of the most essential elements of international culture and peaceful coöperation.

> [Signers: Sir Basil Blackett, Harold J. Laski, J. B. S. Haldane, Hyman Levy, Julian Huxley, Baron Ernest Rutherford, Albert Langier, Paul Langevin, Paul Rivet, Jean Perrin, Lucien Levy-Bruhl, Marcel Prenant, Henri Wallon, Joseph Hecht.]

This letter has been sent to a number of American scientists, scholars and educators inviting them to a conference against the fascization of learning to be held at London during September. Further information can be obtained from Miss L. H. Sachs, 15 West Twelfth Street, New York City.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Market Street Blues

SIR: Frisco is running wild. A month ago it was the longshoremen's strike, scares of mass starvation, physical and spiritual, closed movie-houses, the National Guard, and plenty of busted heads. But the weather changes swiftly in Frisco, and today it is a demonstration of patriotism.

I guess I had better tell you about the parade. It was advertised as The Monster Legion Parade; and monstrous it was. . . .

This is what the parade actually amounted to, however: about a half-dozen groups of Boy Scouts marching and having lots of fun, the way kids innocently have fun in parades; a lot of ornamental marching on the part of ladies in fancy uniforms, simply strutting with patriotism; a touring car that went racing around the streets with one machine gun in the front and another in the back, each popping off dramatically every now and then; a young man and a young lady on a double-jointed bicycle, riding around; a lovely blonde in a green bathing suit, advertising Marvelous Marin County, across the bay; an oriental dancer who danced orientally in the street and had them in the aisles, from one of the burlesque shows, wiggling her way to the hearts of her countrymen; a wagon containing a man holding a roll of toilet paper, with ten yards of it waving behind him; imitations of such great Americans as Washington, Grant, Lee and Mae West, Mae West attracting most attention; and the usual troops of sailors, soldiers, marines, police, and firemen; in short, the

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most patriotic sight I have seen in years, a sight which has certainly lifted my patriotic spirit to a new patriotic high.

It probably comes to this: that the most dangerous element in American life today is this so-called patriotic element, and if what I saw was a patriotic demonstration, then patriotism needs to be defined again, and I think you ought to start doing the defining.

Ask your readers (and others) to express themselves as to what patriotism is, or should be. I do not know for sure, but I have the idea that the Communists now being held in jail here are rather fine Americans, and perhaps the most genuinely patriotic individuals in the city. I'm not sure, though, and I wouldn't be willing to go to jail for the theory, because I have a lot of writing to do and don't like writing in jail. . . .

San Francisco, Calif. WILLIAM SAROYAN.

More Art on Main Street

SIR: "Art on Main Street" was the idea which a group of Westchester artists followed when they placed their pictures in all the shop windows of our village a little more than a year ago, so that the whole street was an art gallery.

Sales resulted, and now comes a new idea which is a logical follow-up. Group exhibitions are to be organized this fall and sent around the county from one community to another. The art-club members will cut expenses by doing a good deal of the work and the transportation. Prices will be brought down, so that the average householder can afford to buy a work of art.

We are hoping that this idea will spread to other parts of the country where there are groups of exhibiting artists. Also we hope that the artists and public will realize this essential fact: the man who takes clay or marble and creates a work of art is turning raw material into a commodity. So does the man who uses pigment and canvas. They are manufacturers.

Forget for a time the cultural aspect of art and think of it as an American industry which requires the development of a *market and organized sales effort.* In the past it has been a hit-or-miss affair and the average of sales was so small that the artist had to demand big prices for the few things he did sell. Now we are trying for a wide market among the average home-loving middle class instead of the very wealthy. Low prices and many sales would keep the American artist out of the bread line, and that is what we are trying for in the Westchester plan of traveling art shows.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. CHARLTON L. EDHOLM.

On "Escape from the Soviets"

SIR: In reading Miss Winter's review of "Escape from the Soviets," by Tatiana Tchernavin, and "Winter in Moscow," by Malcolm Muggeridge, one wonders why you don't have such reviewing done by someone without obvious prejudice.

There is a belittling meanness in the spirit of the review of the first book (which I have read) unwarranted by the purpose or sincerity of the contents. Madame Tchernavin does not offer any pretense to be making "literature" or writing a political treatise. She is telling her own story, representative of others too whose particular vice apparently in the eyes of the present Russian rulers is not to have been born a worker or a peasant. The stupid and brutal treatment of these people (and the others) can't be excused because of pre-Revolution "filth and misery."

It is so utterly silly to cavil about not being allowed "to appreciate the glorious trees," etc. "Escape from the Soviets" is not a travel book. It is just what the title indicates, and written by a woman who has undergone wanton suffering and the unrelenting wrack of anxiety for the safety of her child and husband. Doubtless things which seem unimportant to us in our lives of safety and comparative ease assume vast proportions under such bitter conditions.

I have great respect for the Soviet Union, but can't understand the morbid prejudice of people who become inflamed by any "propaganda" that shows all is not sweetness and light in Russia. At least let us have our book reviews without venom.

Flushing, N. Y. G. G. KEYES.

SIR: Mr. Keyes' contention that Mme. Tchernavin's book was only a personal tale does not stand the scrutiny of one page. Few statements of a personal nature are made throughout the whole story without the addition of some generalization about the Soviet government, its aims, purposes or results, the character of Communists (all Communists), and such curious historical generalizations as the analysis of N.E.P. on page 30. I will cite a few random samples that catch my eye. . . .

Page 32: Communists are "utterly ignorant, invariably rude and suspicious, sometimes dishonest." This sounds like Mr. William Randolph Hearst in San Francisco, July, 1934.

Page 52: "Only Soviet citizens know what it means to wait for arrest, prison—when one has not done anything wrong." Mme. Tchernavin has not, perhaps, had leisure to familiarize herself with recent history and the fate of anti-fascists in Germany, Italy, China, Japan, Cuba, Poland, San Francisco. . . . I have recently seen several hundreds of affidavits in California. I assure Mme. Tchernavin from my personal knowledge, the "only" in her sentence hardly bears examination.

She states "the Soviet government cares nothing about art treasures." Sir Martin Conway, conservative British authority, wrote a large volume on the care, thought and reverence paid art treasures in the Soviet Union, even in the hottest days of the Revolution.

Mr. Keyes may know more about the author's sincerity and purposes than does this reviewer. But the point I must make, and emphasize, is that just because Mme. Tchernavin was *not* content to write her book about "what the title indicates," but under that camouflage title makes innumerable incorrect, biased and, I am afraid, frequently hypocritical statements about the Soviet Union, therefore her purposes and sincerity must be very seriously questioned.

Carmel, Calif. ELLA WINTER.

Extracts from Letters

A COMMITTEE including Clarence Darrow, John Haynes Holmes, Arthur Garfield Hays, Emil Lengyel, Robert Morss Lovett, Charles Edward Russell, Norman Thomas and Roger Baldwin, chairman, sends us an open letter to the Hungarian Minister at Washington, protesting against the move now being made in Hungary to try Mathias Rákosi for participation in the Communist regime in Hungary in 1919. Rákosi has just been released from an eight-and-a-half year sentence for Communist propaganda. To try him again, the committee's letter says, "might not be regarded as unusual if the charges involved some offense not covered by the first trial. But this man, Mathias Rákosi, according to an announcement by the government prosecutor, is to be held to account for all the acts of the brief Communist regime in Hungary in 1919 because he was then a Communist leader and later became secretary of the Communist International in Moscow. To try a man for his own acts is one thing; to try him for the acts of others is shocking to any sense of civilized justice. Rákosi has already served a long prison sentence for carrying on Communist propaganda. We enter with you the earnest protest of representative Americans, not connected with the Communist movement, and moved solely by considerations of justice, against the projected trial of this man for purely political offenses committed by others. We ask you to convey to your government this protest of representative Americans, with the urgent request that the projected trial be abandoned."

From the editors of Dynamo, New York City, we have received a mild dissent to Robert Cantwell's article "The Little Magazines" in our issue of July 25: "Although Mr. Cantwell commendably recognized the ability of the young and talented writer, Tillie Lerner, it seems to us it was an oversight or shortsightedness for Mr. Cantwell, in his review of the little magazines, to fail to mention Dynamo, the only journal of revolutionary poetry in America. Perhaps he was averse to dealing with poetry, for which he lacks a standard of judgment and reveals an obvious distaste. But surely, when merely cataloguing the new little magazines, he should not have failed to list a magazine which was sent to him upon request?"

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Eagle Orator

REGRETFULLY I have to bring in a dissenting opinion. Paul Engle is not, as Stephen Vincent Benét says he is, "a new voice—and the voice of a new generation—in American poetry." He is not any of the fine things that he has been called by J. Donald Adams of The New York Times. Except in a few passages where he speaks in a sharp homely fashion, he is not a poet at all. He is an eagle orator, a thumping good, tub-thumping Fourth of July congressman. He says all the proper things for a congressman to say when he wants to make his constituents forget about high prices and low wages and remember only that they are free-born Americans. He makes the eagle scream, the bison bellow, the welkin ring and the Pioneer Woman beat out the flames of a burning cabin with her dying husband's bloodstained hunting shirt. He roars out his hatred for skeptics and his contempt for the degenerate nations of Europe that drag their "worn-out bellies on the sun-warmed rock." He feels God stirring within his heart. He assures us that he is young and rich in spirituality and strong with a primitive old strength that "men have called courage and that we call guts." Standing with one hand outstretched toward the sky at sunset and the other thrust deep into the Iowa loam, he wraps himself in the red, white and blue starry folds of the American dream, while his kleagle voice resounds from klavern to klavern throughout the broad American land. Lord, how they love it, those hicks and rubes on the New York newspapers!

Like every true orator, he has a message. It echoes through most of the poems collected in this book,[1] but it becomes clearest and loudest at the very end, in "America Remembers." This long declamation won—and richly deserved to win—the prize awarded by Poetry Magazine for the best poem about the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago. Here was a subject that would have embarrassed most poets. To Engle, on the contrary, it was an opportunity for displaying all his forensic gifts and for writing in his most characteristic manner. Let us examine the poem for clues to his popularity.

It begins with America personified vaguely as someone, probably a Greek-robed full-bosomed woman with an olive branch in her hand, who sits on the shore of Lake Michigan among the "buildings shaped with light" of the Chicago Exposition. Here she dreams of her past, remembering "the strange way I have had in this land, the incredible trail I have followed." She remembers the wild continent as it was when the red men called to their gods in the gusty rain (twenty-one lines). She remembers the first Spanish ships landing (five lines), and the English settlers planting their corn with a rotten fish in each hill (nineteen lines). She remembers the Jesuits teaching in the North (eleven lines), and the colonists who rebelled on the seaboard—

> the English soul
> Plunged seven years in flame and steel and become
> The American soul—O strange, strong thing! And over
> The land ranged the unique American dream
> Of the common man and his right before all men
> To shape his own peculiar single self
> Tempered in the wild flame of beating out
> On the huge anvil of the wilderness
> A young and iron nation.

In other words, she proudly remembers Mr. Hoover's wrought-iron individualism. There follow two eloquent pages in which she remembers the myth of the pioneers, the land-hungry men of the Wilderness Road and the gold-hungry men who crossed the Sierras—always westering, always sun-following, till at last they "struck the Pacific and the force of their traveling flung them back over the way they had come." In a dull page, she remembers the Indian dead. In two pages not much brighter, she remembers the Civil War, the rise of industrialism and the years when "the fatal Horsemen rode." She somehow feels that the Great War should have uplifted us—but instead the American

> Soul, that should have soared, flapped in the driving wind
> That blew with the stench of sweat and oil and the fetid
> Fat breath that cried for gold.

She refers scornfully to the materialism of the post-war years, when American ships circled the oceans and American eyes "could not see beyond the diamonds flashing their hands." She says nothing, nothing about these later years when the wind no longer stinks of sweat and oil and the diamonds are pawned. Miss America, grown old and smug, has no eyes or ears or nose for the present. Indeed, she assumes that our material problems have been solved and that all of us now have "shoes for our feet, shirts for our backs" and a fat chicken in the pot. The real problem facing us today is that of finding a spiritual destination. With all the country settled, "Where shall they go now," she asks, "the forever westward-wandering people?"

> They cannot be quiet, they cannot rest, they would not
> Be American if they could do that. I tell them: You
> Shall fit again the curved felloe, and with the bucket
> Swinging under the wagon, the slouch-gaited hound
> Following its restless shade patch, plunge
> Into that vaster and more savage West,
> The unfamiliar country of your heart.

Having loaded our possessions into a prairie schooner, and having nowhere else to go, we are asked to drive it into our vast, savage breasts and, I suppose, to build ourselves subsistence homesteads somewhere in the high heart-mountains between the auricle and the ventricle. Seriously, this prospectus for a spiritual dude-ranching trip is Paul Engle's message and his solution for all our troubles. It doesn't offer much hope to those of us who have no wagon to hang a bucket under, nor even a bag of meal with which to make hoe-cakes in the ashes of the campfire.

The spirit of pioneer individualism, the search for gold and land that Paul Engle glorifies as the true American dream, has ended by laying our country waste. It has butchered the timber north and south, it has killed off the game, wasted the coal, crippled the men who mined it, poisoned the streams, exhausted and eroded the rich farmland. After a hundred years it has left us with only the dry crust of the continent that our fathers possessed—and not even that, for other people own it now and continue to gnaw it away. The children of the pioneers, and of the immigrants who followed them, are faced with the task of winning back the land from the people who stole it, and of living in it together, and of helping one another to make it

[1] American Song: A Book of Poems, by Paul Engle. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 118 pages. $1.75.

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rich again. This is a real adventure and one for which people are being jailed and shot. But Paul Engle wants us, instead, to continue pioneering in the imaginary mountains and prairies of our souls—comfortably, after dinner, thanking God in our hearts that we aren't drab materialists—that we can forge our own "singular vision of eternity" and, with "the American faith" proudly behind us, can discover "the deep spirituality of man." Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used to talk a great deal about spirituality; it saved them embarrassment when paying low wages. Paul Engle's American muse speaks in the familiar Sunday voice of the robber barons—and perhaps this explains why he is praised by critics who ought to recognize that the voice is harsh and bombastic and full of awkward intonations.

Technically Engle has two accomplishments, both of them rare in young poets: he knows how to build a poem in big square solid chunks and he is able to keep it moving. But his verse is inferior in metrical texture; it alternates between the two extremes of awkwardness and monotony without his ever being able to find a middle passage. His figures of speech are intellectual rather than visual; most of them come out of books. But his real fault as a poet is one of inflation. He started with an honest and admirable emotion, a love for the rich Iowa acres where he was reared, but he has tried to expand this emotion through space and carry it backward through time, until he ends by windily declaiming about things that he has neither felt nor accurately imagined. He has issued too much watered stock on his real assets. Like any overextended business man, he has been forced to go to the bankers, and he has made considerable loans from Whitman, from Stephen Vincent Benét, from Archibald MacLeish and, I suspect, from McGuffey's Fifth Reader. "Here," says Mr. Benét, "is somebody walking in America in proud shoes." The trouble is that the shoes are borrowed and they don't fit.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Goldfish Pool

Security Speculation: Its Economic Effects, by John T. Flynn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 332 pages. $3.

FROM Mr. Flynn's pages and charts there rises a clear, realistic picture of what the securities market is. The speculator or investor who trembles a little as he deposits his stake on the broker's counter, because of his suspicions, may now be at peace, since the worst of them seem to be confirmed. Henceforth we need not recur to vague accusations of Wall Street. Mr. Flynn, using the salient facts unearthed by the Pecora investigation, shows that the casino in Wall Street is patronized by between 500,000 and 1,000,000 clients (not 5,000,000 as has often been claimed). Dominant are a few big investment bankers, a few hundred floor brokers and large traders; the rest of the speculative public is a rabble composed of habitual and cynical gamblers or constantly recruited amateurs who fill the board-rooms of the commission houses. Mr. Flynn now gives us statistical evidence that over half the volume of trading is accounted for regularly by 150 floor traders and several hundred specialists and brokerage houses, speculating on their own behalf, all members of the New York Stock Exchange. (These people have determined the policy of the Exchange and fixed its trading technique; and these are the same people who have always contended that a "free and open" securities market is indispensable to the nation's business and should be free of all social regulation.) The greatest portion of the trading takes place in about ten percent of the listed stocks, the most active and volatile ones. And the greatest volume of trading is not in the primary or "long pull" movements of special stocks, but in so-called "secondary swing" areas of quick, sharp movements lasting some days or weeks, under the whip of pool manipulation. The "insiders," who may be bankers, directors of corporations or persons on "preferred lists," use these movements as a source of sure, quick profits; for the outsiders it is a game of loaded dice.

Originally, with the coming of joint-stock companies, the bourse or securities market in a capitalist society had its definite function as an organ in the body economic ("furnishing capital for business enterprise"). Now it has become bloated and diseased, and seems to exist by itself, as if for its own sake. It is Mr. Flynn's contention that very little real capital flows into industry through the issuance and distribution of common stock. At the stage of veritable risk, he believes, business enterprises are launched by small groups without the aid of capital furnished through the national securities market. Only after the industry is established and its owners wish to increase their gains by recapitalization do they exchange their ownership for shares in an inflated capital, which are thereupon distributed among the public by investment bankers and pool managers. This process involves no real transfer of capital to industry. The securities market apparently exists to take toll of industry rather than to furnish it with the "sinews of war." Mr. Flynn almost leaves us with the inference that the nation's business could be run even if all the elaborate stock-market machinery were subtracted.

These contentions, however, are *relatively*, rather than wholly, true under the present economic order. Wall Street's securities market does furnish new capital to business enterprise, even though it does so after its own wasteful and racketeering fashion. But for every dollar of credit extended to industry it takes from the public savings a good bit more, at every stage of the process, from the operations of the house of issue down to the work of the pools, the floor-traders, the specialists at the trading posts and commission houses. Mr. Flynn gives instances where the raising of a million dollars additional capital for an industry is turned into an opportunity for filching four or five millions more in a rigged market.

To limit the losses borne by the public in this process, the new Securities Exchange Act has been devised and put into effect after being a good deal weakened. The provisions of the act, which were meant to bring about clean or honest trading, are carefully analyzed by Mr. Flynn. There are significant holes; the specialist with all his secret facilities in trading goes unreformed; margins are somewhat enlarged, as against shoestring margins of other years, but are still insufficient. Finally, in characteristic Roosevelt fashion, almost everything is left to "permissive powers" of the Securities and Exchange Commission. John T. Flynn, who may or may not believe in the value of such technical reform, concludes that the Securities Exchange Act is not even a beginning at regulation.

The light-waisted gentry of Wall Street have always worked in fear of each other and in secret. Their ways have always been dark and double. They can widen the tiniest crack in any legal prohibition into a breach through which a hay wagon could ride. Besides, nothing in the act limits their right as free American citizens to manipulate values mercurially, as long as it amuses them to do so, or as long as their resources last. And their resources are considerable.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

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Roast Beef of England

Corporal Tune, by L. A. G. Strong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Woman Who Had Imagination, by H. E. Bates. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Tom Tiddler's Ground, by Edward Shanks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Holy Deadlock, by A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Defy the Foul Fiend, by John Collier. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN AN article published last winter, Edmund Wilson made the illuminating point that one age's poetry is often another's prose. Though it may be impossible to determine scientifically the exact center of gravity in modern literature, it is safe to say that, at least in the Western world, that center is no longer to be found in poetry. Novels are the center of our modern literature and, whether we like it or not, the spiritual barometer of the age. To readers who are accustomed to think of modern letters as exemplified by such writers as Hemingway, Dos Passos, Joyce and Malraux, the spirit these English novels represent is out of the main track, old-fashioned, even reactionary. There is nothing in any of them to suggest that the world is doomed, or that the world might be saved. On the other hand, they do not give the impression of fiddling while Rome burns—the English could never be guilty of such cynicism. No, their attitude is less European, more provincial; they are islanders, accustomed to disregarding Continental cataclysms. What if their empire is tottering? Britannia may no longer be mistress of the facts, but Britons never will be slaves to foreign ideas. Perhaps the individual is a lost cause, but he can still find asylum in England.

Mr. Strong is a writer who fits naturally into the English scheme; in this country he would either be ballyhooed into artificial popularity or (what is more likely) go completely unnoticed. He is a good writer, high in the second rank, but his books are too unextraordinary to appeal to American readers except as an importation. If he were writing about Ohioans or New Yorkers, for instance, Ohioans and New Yorkers would find his books dull. But it is such an unfailing delight for Americans to discover that Englishmen really do bleed, have eyes to see and ears to hear, that most of us like to be reminded of the fact again and again. "Corporal Tune," Mr. Strong's latest, is the story of a sick man, and is very thin stuff compared to Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain," but it is an honest piece of work as far as it goes; it is a little morbid but only in a nice way. The title is a bad misnomer: for the first third of the book the reader momently expects to be introduced to some Barrie-esque or Shandean non-com; it turns out that Mr. Strong is merely singing a corporal tune. His hero's idyllic marriage has ended, a year before the story opens, in the death of his wife. As he is about to leave for the London hospital that is to be his last home, he discovers that his wife had deceived him. But his tolerant fatalism has been so strengthened by his long illness that this disagreeable discovery affects him not at all. He is more than willing to die, but when the time comes he lets go not from despair but faith. Though the watchers round his bed hear only "a peevish railing, so unimpressive except for its note of weariness," Mr. Strong asks us to believe that this dying corporal tune is actually changing to a major and celestial key. While his hero is alive and suffering, we can still recognize him as one of us, but when he passes beyond the bounds of communicable human experience his story becomes a fairy tale.

H. E. Bates's short stories ("The Woman Who Had Imagination" is his latest collection) are excellent examples of lyrics translated into prose. A writer of the Chekhovian school, Mr. Bates is long on atmosphere, short on plot; his stories neither live nor move, but they have a being. The best ones in this book are pan-pipings in celebration of rural festivals; when Mr. Bates gets "realistic" his stories go urban, his people sluttish, his atmosphere drab.

If in another age Mr. Bates would have been a minor poet, what would Mr. Shanks have been? He would probably not have written at all. His "Tom Tiddler's Ground" is the kind of "solid" (because lengthy), sober, uninspiring novel our modern woods are full of—the life-story of an ordinary man who rose from low beginnings to a mediocre success, who never knew what it was all about but realized too late that he had somehow blundered. "Tom Tiddler's Ground" is completely unremarkable except for its air of willing resignation, which will pass for "tolerance." And yet it is not a bad book. It merely has nothing whatever to say about the price of eggs, either ancient or modern, except to suggest gently that one never can tell, can one, about eggs?

It is easy to see what A. P. Herbert's "Holy Deadlock" might have been in other days. Dryden would have made it a tragedy; Congreve or Wycherley, a naughty comedy; Dickens would have saturated it with tears; in the nineties it would have been a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta (and one of the better ones). Mr. Herbert has written it as an earnestly funny satirical novel. The subject is the English divorce laws, and Mr. Herbert has explored them with loving care. The divorce laws in England are as unreasonable and as hypocritical (though not so numerous) as is our own chaotic code, and Mr. Herbert makes the most of their ludicrous unreason and hypocrisy. For the purposes of his argument, he takes as his protagonist-victims a man and a woman who are good, even respectable people. They have already made a friendly separation and each wants to marry someone else, but they soon find that a straightforward divorce is impossible. After endless legal complications and subterfuges and many harrowing and expensive months, they are finally defeated by the majesty of the law, which condemns both of them to "live in sin" or burn in tormenting celibacy the rest of their lives. So circumstantially convincing is Mr. Herbert's case that he succeeds in making you feel sorry for his two unfortunates; if you were a British taxpayer you might even be roused to temporary indignation. But what is it all about, really? Even in our own day Mr. Herbert might as well have put his *saeva indignatio* (though not his fun) in a different literary form—a letter to The Times.

"Defy the Foul Fiend" *might* have gone into heroic couplets in the eighteenth century, but I think it would have done as well in its present form. It is very literary, very Tory, and very good. Conservatism (which, if it is gradually attained, is always a sign of a certain kind of maturity) has blended well with Mr. Collier's youthful cleverness: the result is literature of a high order. The book might as well—in a more earnest age it would—have been called "Blood Will Tell." That, with Candide's well worn but seldom-followed advice, is the extent of Mr. Collier's social message. The strength of his story lies in the fact that it is traditional, not simply in the tale itself but in the telling. One Willoughby Corbo, bastard of a noble rake and brought up obscurely but in the habits

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of a gentleman, goes to London to make his career. His encounters with the knaves and fools of real life change him painfully from an idealistic simpleton to a pretty sharp young fellow. He runs the gamut of luxury, respectability and poverty, love and more realistic adventures, and with luck and good management emerges from the scramble with the wife and the estate of his choice. Soon tired of the wife, he rediscovers an atavistic passion for the soil, and settles down contentedly to a long bachelorhood with his half-empty house, his dogs and his aged acres. Mr. Collier's language may strike some readers as being at times a little too conscious of tradition; that is probably just their transatlantic envy. To the carpers who accuse his hero of an anti-social attitude, Mr. Collier might reply that even a right-minded bastard would do well, these days, to become a hermit. Or would he say that the world a man can inhabit is more parochial than even Little Englanders suspect?

T. S. MATTHEWS.

American Indian Poetry

Songs of the Tewa, translated by Herbert J. Spinden. New York: Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts. 125 pages. $2.

MR. SPINDEN prefaces his translation of Tewa songs with an essay on American Indian poetry that is the most complete and penetrating yet presented. Complete since it takes in practically all the North American groups of native tribes, penetrating because Mr. Spinden has a better knowledge of the many tribes, their usages and language, than anyone else who has attempted to write on the subject. What he does not know, however, is poetry as literature, and the language in which poetry is commonly judged and written about. He begins by denying the genius of poetry, and that "artists were, in the beginning, or ever, touched with divine afflatus." I am not quite sure what he means by saying that Indians "were not individualists in spirit but collectivists, and the self-contained societies which they erected were super-organisms instinct with oversouls"; but I am quite certain that the poems they use for their collectively performed ceremonials were composed by individuals, as are all their songs.

Mr. Spinden is on safer ground when he says that the Indian, "whatever the state of his culture, exhibits a single psychological attitude." And I can agree heartily with the whole of his descriptive writing about the types and formalities of Indian verse, and concur in his selective examples of such types. He is quite possibly mistaken about the scarcity of love songs, although they often have to be explained before their character as explicit love songs is understood; also I suspect he has sought them among adults, while I have found them more usual among adolescents. On the other hand, Mr. Spinden is probably justified in assuming that when we find what seems to be an individual emotional reaction to natural beauty, we are really faced with "a purposeful appreciation of the friendly aspects of nature in keeping with the Redman's philosophy that to imitate the way in which good is done is to insure the repetition of that good"—very much that might pass for simple statement with us, is, with the Indians, intended to be magical in its action.

There is an excellent account of the revivalist songs of the Ghost Dance, and a clearer explanation of the insufficiencies of Longfellow's pretended translation of Hiawatha than anybody else has ventured to make. His comment on Miss Fletcher's translation of the Hako Text is thoroughly sound, though I have always felt that Miss Fletcher was trying to do what I have tried to do, to present the inner train of thought going on in the mind of the singer along with the words of the song which are admittedly stenographic—what the Indians call "the inside song."

In his direct translations of Tewa songs Mr. Spinden has been extremely careful to preserve the shape of the songs, the original patterning as in

> My home over there, my home over there,
> My home over there, now I remember it!
> And when I see that mountain far away
> Why, then I weep, Alas what can I do?
> What can I do? Alas what can I do?
> My home over there, now I remember it.

All of his more personal songs are thus carefully patterned, although one familiar with the Tewa songs might occasionally feel that he does not always get the full poetic value for the phrasing. His group of Ceremonial Songs and Sacred Chants is not open to that criticism, since most songs of this character are older, therefore archaic in form, and more bent on capturing the compulsive phrasing that will bring the desired event to pass, as in the songs of the Turtle Dance at Nambe, in which every statement is affirmative:

> Rain waters now are falling,
> Afar the thunders crash,
> Afar the lightnings gleam,
> Afar the lightnings flash
> And quickly now return.

The third group, of Magic Songs and Prayers, is less easily apprehended by the unfamiliar reader. There is, however, a fully explanatory appendix which should reassure those who are dubious. The group of Tewa Pueblos from which the songs are drawn are the four that are most easily accessible from the Middle Rio Grande district, and everyone who has been present at any of the ceremonial dances will be certain of having heard one or more of the songs. Altogether this is the most satisfactory book on Indian verse that has appeared for the unliterary reader.

MARY AUSTIN.

Books in Brief

Europe Between Wars? by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 115 pages. $1.25.

THIS COMPACT review of the present state of western Europe was written before the violent Nazi outbreak in Austria and Hitler's bloody coup against his own allegedly revolted followers. These events have thrown a lurid light on the critical condition of Europe, but they have not changed the essentials of the picture. Hitler's peaceful words are contrasted with his boundless claims and warlike preparations, and the conclusion is reached that the present rulers of Germany are resolved upon war, whether soon or late, depending upon circumstances and their own preparedness. The ten-year peace pact with Poland is explicable only on the supposition that Poland has conceded Germany a free hand in Austria in return for the truce. In a review of the attitude of the smaller states toward the Austrian question, it is correctly inferred that Jugoslavia, too, is not opposed to the union of Austria with Germany; though not, as the author thinks, because the Jugoslavs do not fear Germany (an augmented Germany would have a population six times as large as Jugoslavia's). Most prob-

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ably the Jugoslavs are gambling on the distraction of a menacing Germany to relieve them of Italian pressure.

H. S.

The Colonial Policy of British Imperialism, by Ralph Fox. New York: International Publishers, 122 pages. 75 cents.

There is a widely prevalent notion that the British colonial empire differs advantageously from all the other colonial empires, that it is peaceful in character and beneficent to the native populations. This excellent little book should serve to dispel the prevalent myth. In India, in the Near East and in Africa, British rule is shown to be ruinous to the great mass of the native populations, based on force, highly warlike in character, and maintained primarily in the interests of the British ruling classes. The book gives not only an account of government policy, but also of native struggles against that policy and of the bloody repressions that regularly follow. The author, a British Communist, accepts the rather exaggerated notions of Anglo-American imperialist rivalry that seem to have become a dogma of the Communist International. His description of the economic condition of Palestine is also quite inexact; that little country is now, in the midst of world depression, undergoing the throes of a violent little boom, which is certain, sooner or later, to end in a violent little crisis. It would be a good thing if the author could in later editions include a treatment of the hundreds of smaller British possessions that form important links in the worldwide chain of empire and exploitation.

H. S.

Sound and Unsound Money, by Twyman O. Abbott. Harrisburg: Telegraph Press. 234 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Abbott, a lawyer and a bimetallist of the old school, writes in the style of campaign orators of another era. Equipped with a profound conviction, considerable information and innumerable quotations from messages of our chief executives, he sets out to persuade the reader that most of our troubles are traceable to "the crime of '73," and to the machinations of the greedy and powerful who accomplished and perpetuate the demonetization of silver. The book is likely to prove interesting only to fanatical bimetallists and collectors of curious economic tracts; but one should hesitate to ridicule the author's position, at a time when many more novel but equally preposterous economic schemes are receiving respectful attention. There are several amusing cartoons.

H. C. S.

A Soldier in Science, by Bailey K. Ashford. New York: William Morrow and Company. 431 pages. $3.50.

Dr. Ashford has had such a full and well spent life, has been so respected for his human and professional qualities as one of the few first-rate men our government has sent into Puerto Rico, that his autobiography should have made a fine story. It was Ashford who discovered, while serving in 1899-1900 with the army of occupation, the hookworm that was dragging down the majority of the island population; and it was he, fighting in the States for recognition of his discovery, who suggested to some extent the idea of the Rockefeller Foundation. In Puerto Rico he developed, almost single handed, a system of cure that made living men out of thousands literally dead with anemia, got the Department of Sanitation under way and was later instrumental in establishing the Institute of Tropical Medicine. Most important of all he endeared himself to the people he had helped, and understood, and freed from charges of shiftlessness; marrying a Puerto Rican girl, he

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made his home in the island for years. Although he later did yeoman work in Brazil and served in France, his years in Puerto Rico are the most dramatic. It is a pity that their story, whether through the Doctor's desire to make human interest, or whether through a rather kittenish amanuensis, has been allowed to slip into the vagaries of planless reminiscence. O. F.

Americans at Play, by Jesse Frederick Steiner. New York: McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. 215 pages. $2.50.

Professor Steiner's monograph is one of the series published under the direction of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends. In recent years the fields of recreational activity in America have expanded rapidly, and many new forms of recreation have been developed. The purpose of this study is to assess these developments and thereby acquire data for prediction of probable future tendencies. Professor Steiner considers the backgrounds of play and recreation in America, amateur and professional sports, the growth of playgrounds, the manner in which rural recreation has been urbanized, the increased commercialization of leisure and recreation and also its control. Of necessity, the picture he presents is very generalized, and deals largely with highlights. He is chary of predictions, but does feel that during the coming years there will probably not be a repetition of the spectacular growth of recreation that characterized the recent past, but that there will be a constant effort to provide more adequate facilities for the enjoyment of leisure. J. T. F.

Contributors

TILLIE LERNER's work in one of the "little magazines" was described by Robert Cantwell in The New Republic of July 25, 1934, as "so fresh and imaginative that even a cautious critic can call it a work of early genius." She is twenty-one years old, married, the mother of one child, and is trying to finish her first novel.

T. R. CARSKADON is a New York writer who has had professional experience in radio broadcasting.

CONRAD AIKEN, who received a Pulitzer award in poetry and holds a Guggenheim fellowship in creative writing, is now in England.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of "The Robber Barons," was once a customer's man for a stock-exchange house.

MARY AUSTIN died at Santa Fe, N. M., on August 13, while she was at work on a novel. She said of herself that she "wrote all kinds of books," including books for children and a novel of Greenwich Village in the days of the War, but she was best known for her stories of the Indians of the Southwest, among whom she had lived since her young womanhood in the 90's. She learned to write in the mining camps, where she also acted, either with her husband or alone. In 1911 her play, "The Arrow Maker," was produced in New York City. She asked to be buried in the highest peak of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

The initials signed to the brief review are those of Herman Simpson, H. C. Simons, Otis Ferguson and James T. Farrell.

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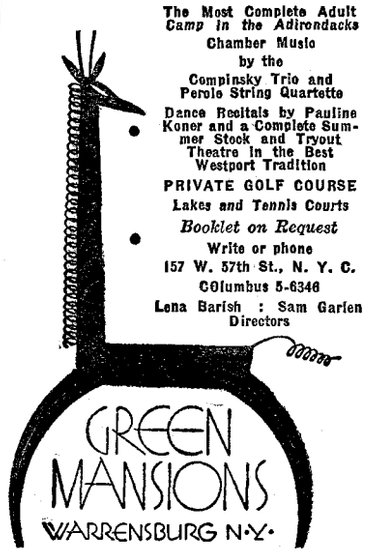

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